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John McLaughlin on
Hart, Son of McGovern
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NATIONAL REVIEW

DEFICIT REDUCTION

✗ *Has Gary Hart a New Idea?*

TOM BETHELL

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✗ *The Battle over Cable*

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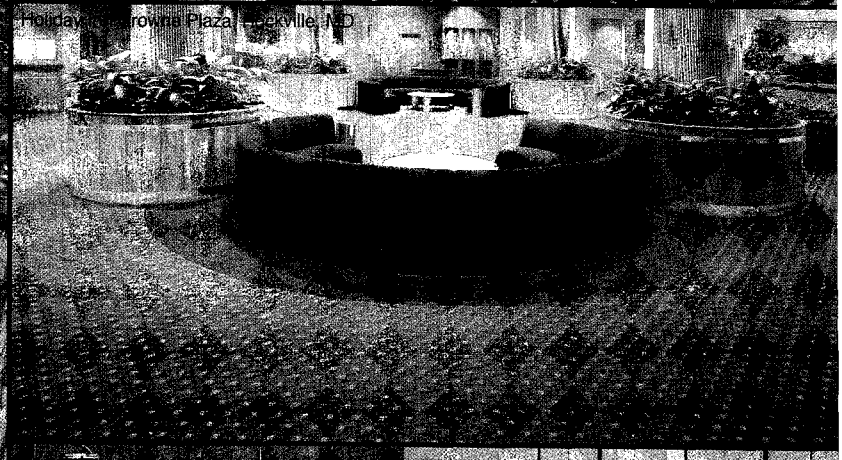

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LETTERS

Held Hostage

William R. Hawkins had me quite convinced that there was indeed a case for protectionism ["Is There a Case for Tariffs?" April 6], until I read the left-right counterpunches by John Kenneth Galbraith and Milton Friedman. But as I thought about it some more, I realized that their responses remained in the realm of economic theory, and never addressed some of Hawkins's most important points, namely: 1) What *about* the guy in Allentown? Subsidizing our domestic steel industry for his benefit may not be the answer; but neither is cheerfully telling him that it's okay for him not to produce steel, because someone in Mission Viejo is producing oranges. 2) The Spanish analogy may not be precise; but it seems too close to be simply brushed aside. 3) Above all, there's the crucial question of interdependence. Professor Galbraith makes light of this point, arguing that a few intercontinental ballistic missiles don't take so much steel anyway. Professor Friedman simply ignores it. But I'm afraid recent world events are on Mr. Hawkins's side. Any nation that has been supplying something another nation needs—whether that need is directly strategic or other—holds the buying nation to that extent hostage. To whom would we dare entrust our future?

Frederick Elliott
New Haven, Conn.

Coup de Grace

At the risk of joining the chorus of special-interest critics of the Grace Report ["Peter Grace Knows 2,478 Ways to Cut the Deficit," by Edward Meadows, March 9], I must say that many of the Grace recommendations may very well, perhaps inevitably, fall victim to the Iron Law of Government Expansion: Never, never, under any circumstances, and no matter what anyone says or believes, does government yield one bit of its power or claim upon the taxpayer's money.

I have worked for government all too much of my adult life and I have witnessed a number of efforts to root out waste, corruption, and inefficiency in government. Rather than oppose or reject these attempts at reform, the wise bureaucrat applauds them, insists that his own ambition has all along been for greater efficiency, and that he will support wholeheartedly every proposal made. He then notes that the implementation of many of the recommendations calls for either a different kind of employee or for the "retraining" of incumbents; he notes that new, better, faster, and more efficient equipment, especially computers, is needed. In short, those in government who endorse these recommendations also aspire to greater efficiency, but they envision no reduction in cost; they see these new efficiencies as the result of larger staff size, new equipment, more research, and generally the expenditure of additional money.

All of which is to say that in my jaded opinion the Grace Commission recommendations *should* be implemented, so that the taxpayers receive the fullest measure of return for each dollar spent, but I do not believe that many of the recommendations will result in cost reductions. There simply are not enough Reaganites in the Federal Government to bring about any other result.

Charles O'Halloran
Jefferson City, Mo.

Edward Meadows states that the Reagan Administration proposes to trim the federal budget "without shearing any of those manifold government services the American people are presumed to demand." However, if the Grace Commission recommendations are indeed implemented, whoops! there goes the commissary system.

I realize that one's sympathy may wane after multiple recitations of the woes of military life, but have *some* mercy on us. Washington, D.C., may not be a "frontier town," but it is one of the world's most expensive duty stations. For a man in the enlisted ranks with two or more dependents, without commissaries he'd need manna from Heaven. Sure, close our coms. Then put the $597 million the government will "save" into the food-stamp program. We'll be lined up, in uniform, to file claims.

Military pensions may be inordinately high, but I'll testify to the inordinate demands of military service. Sure, after twenty years my husband can get out and use his military training to get a really high-paying job. A security guard makes millions these days. Mr. Meadows may be justified in his derision of the

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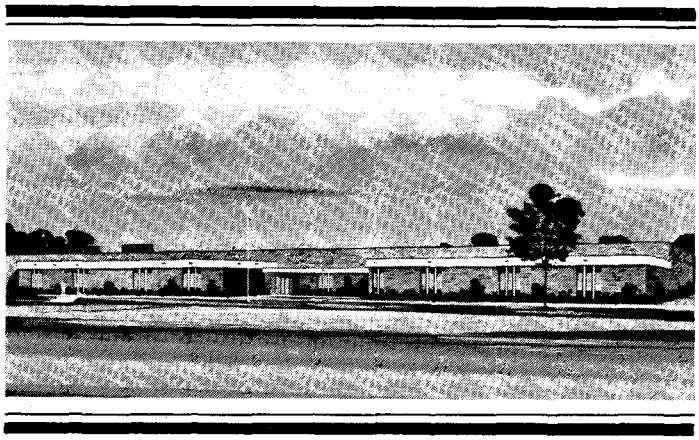

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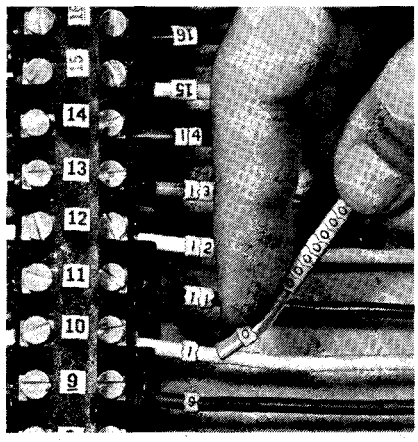

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Navy's expensive light bulbs, but leave us, the little guys, alone.

I resent Mr. Meadows's tone as he refers to "blood-curdling pig screams" and uses the abolition of the commissary system as an example. We don't have any "congressional bigwig" seeking to buy our votes: We have no congressional district and no electoral votes.

As far as I'm concerned both Mr. Grace and Mr. Meadows have tarnished a fine effort and a legitimate cause by their unreasonable scalping of military benefits.

Angela Marie Tate
Goose Creek, S.C.

The Feminine Future

Cheers for Mona Charen and her excellent article, "The Feminist Mistake" [March 23]. However, you confused the issue by printing "The Feminine Mistake" on your cover. As a professional woman who is happy with her work *and* very comfortable with the differences of the sexes, I can assure you they are not one and the same.

Laurie Sammers
Stamford, Conn.

As a woman I was intrigued by the cover of the March 23 issue of *NR*, promising an interesting article on "The Feminine Mistake" by Mona Charen. Now I am flabbergasted and extremely disappointed in my favorite magazine. Miss Charen suggests that feminism has robbed the "New American Woman" of men. However, what feminism has accomplished (and, surprisingly, what Miss Charen seems to object to) is to deprive women of the posture of weakness and ineffectuality as a legitimate mode of relating to men.

I am a young attorney, with a degree in philosophy from a Jesuit university. I have worked and fought for a very long time to become what I am. Part of what I had to fight was the very debilitating notion of woman as ancillary to man. I had to overcome an internal contradiction: my belief that I had the ability to participate actively in shaping our society as opposed to the pervasive message to female children that a woman can find fulfillment only by finding a man stronger, cleverer, more talented, and more ambitious than she to whom she can devote her life.

Like the women in Miss Charen's article, I grew up wanting a man the way a fanatic wants religion or an addict longs for his drug. A man would save me from the awesome responsibility of defining myself and finding my own goals. The liberation of women, bottom-

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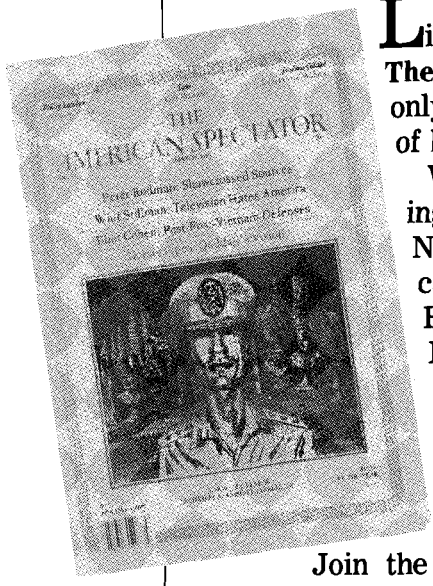

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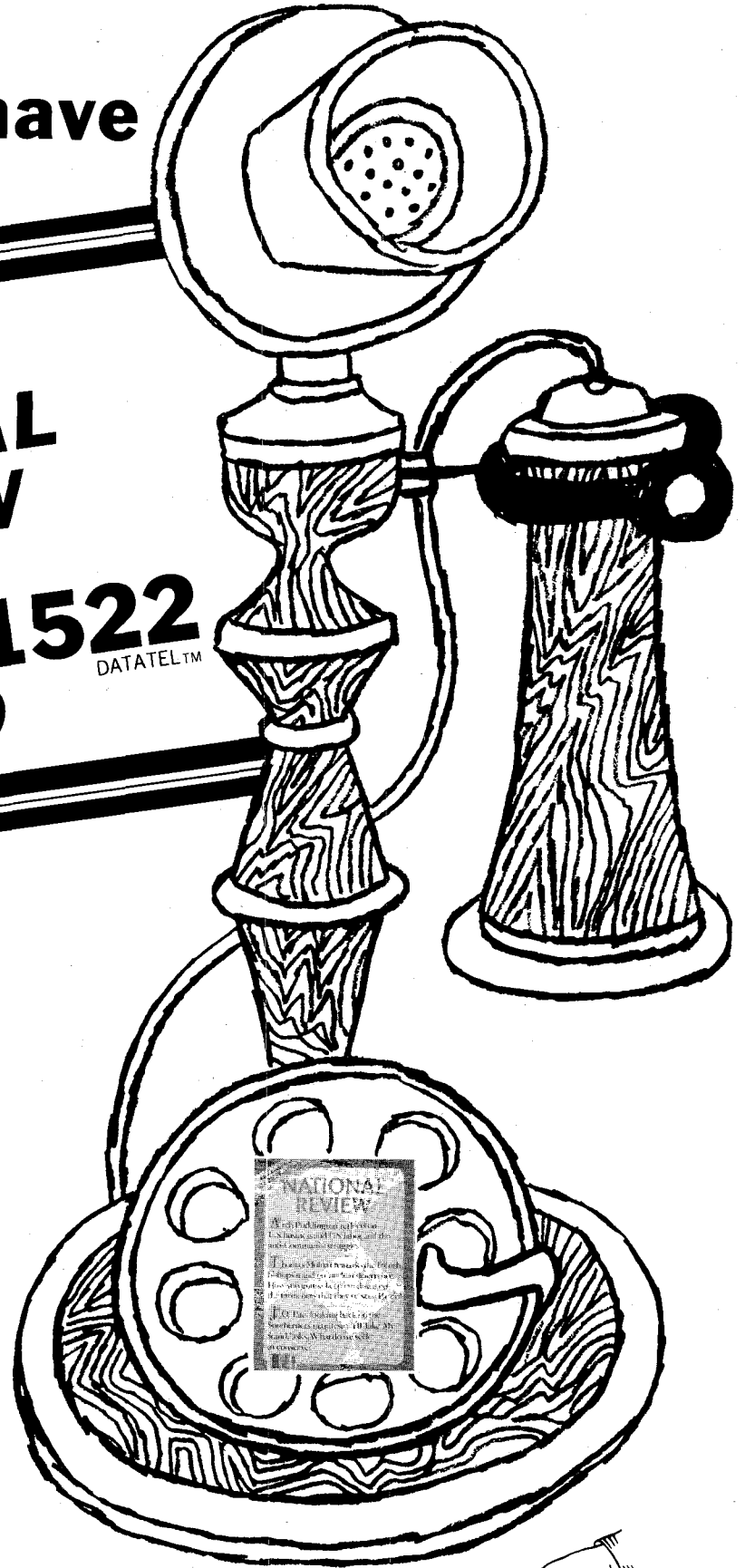

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line, is an effort to convince women to define themselves. If my generation of women is confused, if we waver between the *Wall Street Journal* and *Pride and Prejudice*, it is because we are among the first women to grow up hearing the song of liberation and among the last women to grow up hearing the lullaby of man, marriage, and child. I don't want to impose upon a man the burden of giving meaning to my life, nor do I seek from a man, as Miss Charen suggests, applause. I seek a mate who will share his vision of the world with me, as I will share mine with him.

Kelly Sheelagh Moore
Los Angeles, Calif.

I am a registered Republican. I support the Republican Party because I support Republican policies—that is, conservative policies—which I hold to be in the best interest of my country.

I was handed Mona Charen's "The Feminist Mistake" by a pious Democrat whom I had brought to bay in sundry policy debates. I could not defend Miss Charen's position. But it was the conservatives, not the liberal, who had defeated me this time.

By "conservatives" I refer not to Miss Charen but to the editors of *NR*. Miss Charen feels women should return to the home, and I have no objection to her feeling that way. What I object to is her opinion being touted as representative of conservative thought.

This is an election year, and conservatives have an incumbent they want re-elected. Americans will turn to NATIONAL REVIEW for the conservative line on national policy issues. What they find there will influence their perception of the Reagan Administration. Through Miss Charen's article, NATIONAL REVIEW has cemented a reactionary label on the Reagan Administration and confirmed the "gender gap."

In short, if NATIONAL REVIEW considers "The Feminist Mistake" representative of the conservative position on the role of women in society, conservatives need to look elsewhere for representation on this issue.

Lorraine Stack
Washington, D.C.

Mona Charen's "The Feminist Mistake" rates an A-plus.

Her conclusion that our grandchildren's view of this ambiguous era will be "up to the women" is reminiscent of an incident in the life of Henrik Ibsen. Ibsen once attended a dinner given in his honor by the Ladies Club of Christiania. In response to a toast in which he was lauded for "doing much for women" he said, in part: "I take the liberty to thank you for the toast, with a modification, for I see that women have a great task before them. . . . It is for the mothers to awake, by slow and intense work, a conscious feeling of culture and discipline. . . . The women will solve the question of mankind, but they must do so as mothers." So much for Ibsen's "feminism"!

Wilson Bucher
Columbia, Pa.

Thank you for the splendid analysis of "The Feminist Mistake" by Mona Charen. Her grandchildren will be fortunate indeed to get the straight dope from their gifted and astute grandma.

Please God, by that time the frightful confusion and discontent which the weaker of the sexes permitted to be foisted on it will have subsided.

I have a vision of children who will take pride in their own inherent sexual worth—the boys striving to develop the integrity, courage, quiet strength, and dependability they found in their fathers, and the girls nurturing the gentle sensitivity, subtle dignity, and spiritual awareness they treasured in their mothers.

We've got a long way to go, baby!

Helen J. Rizzo
Baltimore, Md.

None Need Apply

I should like to comment on your editorial "Reverse Discrimination—and Politics" [Dec. 23]. Although I applaud the Administration's position that "we have profound doubts whether the Constitution permits governments to adopt remedies involving racial quotas to benefit persons who are not themselves the victims of discrimination," I cannot but sense a certain hypocrisy in the Solicitor General's argument. Quotas, wherever applied, may be unjust, but what about total discrimination as practiced by the Federal Government itself? The Department of State, for example, has the noxious policy of refusing to consider applications from white males for appointments to mid-level career candidacies, reserving this opportunity to serve the Republic solely for women and members of minorities. No quotas complicate this recruitment-*cum*-social-engineering program—white males simply need not apply, period.

Have we, as a nation, so soon forgotten how odious is a society that bases its public policy on racial and ethnic distinctions? I ask rhetorically.

G. Ricardo Campbell
Kensington, Md.

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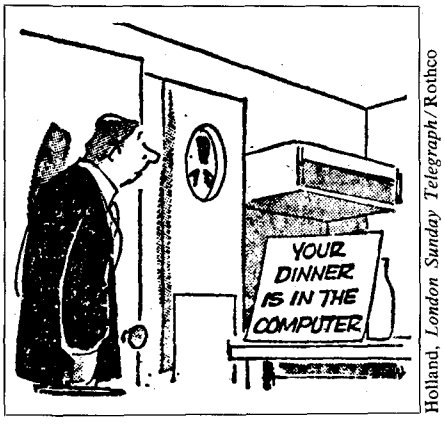
FOR THE RECORD

Gary Hart's Connecticut victory was most lopsided of all Democratic primaries so far: Hart got 54.9 per cent, **Walter Mondale** 30.3 per cent, and **Jesse Jackson** 12.2 per cent. But it wasn't any surprise. Connecticut is pure Hart country: It has a low rate of unemployment, many high-tech businesses, many surburbanites. Connecticut win gave Hart 33 more delegates to San Francisco convention; Mondale got 18, Jackson got 1. . . . Going into New York primary, Mondale holds large lead over Hart in total delegates, 698 to 429 (Jackson has 87), with 1,967 delegates needed for nomination. . . . *Washington Post*/ABC poll gives Mondale a 44 to 32 per cent lead over Hart among voters who say they are certain to vote in New York's April 3 primary. . . . Never mind where's the beef, Mondale people are nervous about the bucks. Mondale spent big money early. "We had assumed there was going to be an early decision," says **Maxine Isaacs**, a Mondale deputy campaign manager, "and we spent it accordingly." Reports filed with Federal Election Commission state that Mondale had spent $10.4 million by February 29, while Hart had spent only $2.3 million. Campaign ceiling, by law, is $20.2 million, giving Hart a lot more room than Mondale. . . . New York should be Mondale country. He has full support of state's Democratic establishment, including more than fifty of state's 62 Democratic county leaders, not to mention Governor **Mario Cuomo**, Senator **Daniel Patrick Moynihan**, and New York City Mayor **Edward Koch**. . . . **Louis Farrakhan**, leader of Nation of Islam and staunch Jackson supporter, isn't helping to add a Jewish tinge to the rainbow coalition. Speaking in New York two weeks before primary, Farrakhan stuck by Jackson, insisting he was "absolutely right" to call Jews "Hymies." . . . **Kevin Phillips**, in his *American Political Report*, says that the longer the race for the Democratic nomination goes on, the more the national Democratic coalition unravels. In 1968, 1972, 1976, and 1980, Democrats had bruising primary battles and won only one national election (**Carter** in 1976).

Big winner in El Salvador's March 25 election may be Reagan Administration request for military aid to El Salvador. U.S. congressmen who observed election came back impressed. House Majority Leader **Jim Wright** (D., Tex.) called election a "resounding repudiation of any notion that the guerrillas represent the people." Senator **William Roth** (R., Del.) said the "consensus [of observers] was, without question, that it was a very, very impressive event. . . . This was truly another step forward in the democratic process." . . . Big question is whether Administration will get support from congressmen who didn't go down to observe. **Tip O'Neill**, for one, wasn't persuaded. "The majority of Democrats out there," he said, "are opposed to any military funding." . . . Administration officials are saying Salvadoran troops will be out of ammunition by mid-May and warn that if aid does not come through, Congress will have done to El Salvador what it did to South Vietnam. . . . Proponents of school-prayer amendment, which came up 11 votes short of 67 needed for Senate approval, have found a silver lining: The vote provides a guide to targets in November elections. "There are some people," says **Gary Jarmin**, executive director of Christian Voice, "who voted against us . . . [for whom] this vote is going to be a major factor in their political careers." . . . Senator **Jesse Helms** promises to move ahead with a bill keeping federal courts out of cases involving voluntary prayer or Bible readings in school.



Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph*/Rothco

After six-day investigation, a UN team of military and medical experts, sent by UN Secretary General **Pérez de Cuellar**, has confirmed Iranian charges that Iraq is using chemical weapons in Iran-Iraq war. This marks first time UN has substantiated charges of chemical weapons, despite frequent assertions of Soviet use of chemical weapons in Southeast Asia and Afghanistan. . . . *Afghan Realities*, Pakistan-based publication of Afghan resistance, has interview with Brigadier **Watay**, defector from Afghanistan's puppet army, charging that the Soviets often resorted to chemical weapons in Afghanistan when conventional weapons didn't work. Watay told of chemical-weapon attack on Nani village in Ghazni province. The village's offense was being a hiding place for Afghans seeking to avoid compulsory military service. . . . Soviet propagandist **Vladimir Posner** will visit several American campuses in April, and Young America's Foundation is getting out the welcome mat. Together with Young Conservative Alliance, group plans to place ads in student newspapers on every campus where Posner will speak reminding students of Flight 007, Afghanistan, and other matters. Groups also hope to have a truth squad accompany Posner on his tour. . . . Most-hated PAC-man in America, **John T. (Terry) Dolan**, head of National Conservative Political Action Committee, is calling it quits after November elections. Will that mean the end of such NCPAC bumper stickers as: HONK IF MONDALE HAS PROMISED YOU SOMETHING?

Reagan left 'em laughing at Gridiron Dinner, Washington's annual press roast of politicians. Reagan said he and Soviet ruler **Konstantin Chernenko** ought to get along well because they have a lot in common—neither trusts anyone under seventy.

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THE WEEK

As we go to press, with the New York Democratic primary impending, Gary Hart is reportedly promising that, if elected, he will move the White House to Jerusalem. He thought the U.S. should get out of Central America, but intervene in Northern Ireland, and he said the U.S. should not be the arsenal but the university of the world. In which case, come to think of it, he could win the election.

Last fall Ohio voters turned down two initiatives that would have rolled back tax increases. This proved, said some pundits, that the tax revolt was dead as a national issue, even if it survived in a few states like Michigan. Now it turns out that the Ohio initiatives perished not of natural causes but through foul play. A poll taken just after the election found that as many as 21 per cent of the "no" voters thought they were voting *against* taxes. (The union/liberal/public-employee coalition had confused voters with the advertising slogan, "Vote against Unfair Taxes—Vote NO on Issues 2 and 3."). The poll found that if everyone had voted for the side he thought he was voting for, the tax cut would have passed by a healthy margin.

No sooner had the Senate voted down the school-prayer amendment (it needed 67 votes and got only 56) than everyone in Washington was interviewing the liberal hero *du jour*, Senator Lowell Weicker. The Connecticut Republican received visitors in his office, where he sat in a big chair with his conscience perched on his shoulder. "This means the Constitution is safe for at least another day," he assured the *Washington Post*. "I knew I couldn't lose," he told the *New York Times*. "Because if I had lost, everything in the Constitution would have been up for grabs. If people were willing to allow the First Amendment to go, if this concept of religious freedom fell, anything could have happened." The note of understandable pride, however, was not unmixed with humility: He confessed that in 1969 he had voted *for* school prayer. But a happy development had supervened since then: "You grow, you get to understand what's involved. That applies to me as much as to anyone else." If the Senator grows much more, the Republic is in trouble.

Watch those playful *New York Times* editorials. One, entitled "Femme Fatale" (March 23), compares Nora Astorga, the Nicaraguan ambassador-designate to Washington, to the sultry Marlene Dietrich of *Blue Angel* and *Dishonored* and describes her great service to the Nicaraguan revolution—she set up Somoza's National Guard General Reynaldo Pérez Vega for murder—as follows: "Finally, Miss Astorga's friends were ready for action. They planned to kidnap him [Pérez] in hopes of an exchange for imprisoned Sandinistas. . . . [but] no sooner was he into her bedroom and out of his sidearms than he was down on the floor, dead. At a signal from Miss Astorga, three Sandinista commandos had burst out of hiding and fired. Miss Astorga is sure she did the right thing. It was 'what the moment required.' " Another version of the same event appeared in NATIONAL REVIEW ("The Lost Cause of a PR Man," by Norman L. Wolfson, July 20, 1979). "When the general's body was found, it was rolled up in a Sandinista flag. But he wasn't made a corpse by bullet [original Karen DeYoung *Washington Post* story] or knife wounds [Jack Anderson version]. Nora and her companions had ice-picked him to death, after puncturing his ears and picking out his eyes. They also castrated him and taped his penis and testicles inside his mouth." Mr. Wolfson, incidentally, offered the *Washington Post* the coroner's pictures of the general's body to corroborate his story, but the *Post* was disinclined to view them. Like the *Times*, it must have felt its version was more fit to print.

Four Out of Five

Though some on Mr. Reagan's staff
Believe he may have made a gaffe
By pushing so for prayer in schools,
Those due to swing on ducking stools
Are senators who failed to see
The size of the majority.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

THE GOOD NEWS for Ed Meese is that Washington has changed its thinking about his nomination for Attorney General. The tide is now running in his direction. The bad news is that the timing of the *dénouement* could be troublesome. Here's the likely calendar: The three-judge court will, in short order, appoint an independent counsel (IC). The IC will then take about a month to appoint staff, reconnoiter, and get tooled up generally. How long will the investigation itself last? That depends on whether the IC chooses to accept the sworn testimony already given to the Judiciary Committee, and the General Accounting Office's search through 91,000 pages in Mr. Meese's files. (The GAO failed to turn up any Carter debate materials therein.) If the IC does accept both, and works expeditiously, the job could be finished in three months. But July and August are out because of the conventions. Which means September as the release month.

What the President's campaign handlers are agonizing over is obvious: What will be the political impact if, on the threshold of the election, the IC reveals enough bad judgments in Mr. Meese's financial affairs to permit the Democrats to inflate a big political brouhaha? What if Walter Mondale or Gary Hart, gasping for political air in the final days of the campaign, begins flailing out at the President with "sleaze" charges? Will this hurt Mr. Reagan? Old pros in Washington are saying no; the sleaze off-scourings will never stick. No one will believe that Ronald Reagan is dishonest or that he tolerates substantive impropriety.

Earlier, Meese made two errors: First, he tried to represent himself—always a bad idea. Second, he handled the situation like a lawyer, not like a politician. At a crucial mid-March meeting with Howard Baker and Paul Laxalt, Meese persisted in clinging to the hope that the Justice Department would review the matter, find nothing, and dump it out in short order. "Ed overlooked completely the fact that Bill Smith was in an impossible situation," notes one prominent Reaganite senator. "There was no way the Administration could give him a clean bill of health that anyone would see as credible." Finally, Meese came to grips with reality, elected to favor the IC himself, and thus seized the initiative. That was the turning point.

Some Republicans on the Senate Judiciary Committee are raising hard questions for Mr. Meese, notably Arlen Specter and Mac Mathias, but none of them is showing any disposition to arrive at quick judgments. Meese recently visited with Specter and succeeded in putting many worries to rest. "To the extent that Ed can go one-on-one with these senators," says a Hill insider, "he can turn this thing around." True, the Judiciary Committee has Howard Metzenbaum, the parking-lot czar, who has been trying to butcher Meese, but the press is turning on Metzenbaum now and pointing to his IRS and nepotism problems. Other Democrats, like Dennis DeConcini and Howell Heflin, tend to be more objective. One theory on the Hill is that this anti-Meese campaign is less an effort to stop him from becoming Attorney General than an attempt to hamstring him for the Supreme Court. But that may be too Machiavellian, even for the U.S. Senate.

The change in thinking toward Ed Meese is demonstrated best, perhaps, by the newspaper coverage of the affair, and notably that of the *Washington Post*. Reporters seem willing to let events unfold, not jump at conclusions, and show how Meese was, in great part, a victim of circumstances (like being financially unable to hire an accountant to help with complicated disclosure forms). Ed and Ursula Meese are favorites in the Washington community, respected for their civic involvement. So there is a double track operating: The press almost universally regards Meese as an honest public servant, incidentally privileged, but largely broke. On the other track, it sees an accumulation of political embarrassments that has almost reached critical mass. Oddly, the two tracks don't intersect, and that may save Meese.

The surest proof that the wind is now blowing in Meese's favor is Bob Strauss's wit. The former Democratic National Committee chairman, a sage and savvy Washington Tiresias, has been telling a story around town in his Texas drawl, repeated at the Gridiron Dinner, that sums up the feeling of this jaded, but not irredeemable, city at the inherent absurdity of the case against Ed Meese. "You know," says Strauss, "the damnedest thing happened to me a couple of months ago. Ed Meese and I walked out of the washroom at a large hotel dinner. He was out of change, so I tipped the attendant for both of us. You can imagine my surprise when, three weeks later, I was appointed deputy assistant inspector of the EPA in Albuquerque."

—CATO

State Department officials are having their own problems with the Salvadoran election. It seems that Minolta, the company hired to aid in compiling the voter-registration lists there, approached the U.S. Government about a large number of work permits in order to bring Salvadorans into the United States. The Salvadoran programmers, who were working around the clock to complete the registration lists, worked 150 times more efficiently than Americans and made half as many errors. Minolta liked them so much it wanted to bring them home. When State asked Minolta if it would like to invest in El Salvador, Minolta officials said no way—but they certainly liked the workers.

It's transition time again for F. Clifton White, the canny conservative political operator who headed the monotonously successful "Syndicate" in the Young Republican National Federation during the 1950s, organized and led the Draft movement that won the GOP nomination for Barry Goldwater in 1964, managed the 11th-hour bid to nominate Ronald Reagan for President in 1968, ran Jim Buckley's successful Senate campaign in New York in 1970, and was a "senior consultant" on duty at Reagan's Arlington, Virginia, campaign headquarters in 1980. After several years as a private political consultant here and abroad, and after serving as a key advisor to the Reagan-Bush re-election drive this year, White will

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assume this month the post of director of the John M. Ashbrook Center for Public Affairs at Ashland College, in Ashland, Ohio (located in the late congressman's longtime congressional district). The center, which will open in May, will sponsor regular series of lectures and seminars in such fields as government and political science, and will also maintain the extensive collection of Congressman Ashbrook's own papers.

Anna Louise Strong was one of the great fellow-travelers (a Soviet locution, by the way); she went so far as to let Josef Stalin correct her copy about him. A new biography recounts her eventful life, which began in 1885 and eventually took her to Moscow and Peking, where she toiled devotedly for ungrateful Communist bigwigs, sending home fulsome propaganda and suppressing most of what she knew about huge, bloody purges and other evils. When Khrushchev gave his 1956 speech about Stalin's crimes, she was naturally disconcerted: "We knew all these things for 25 years, and I kept silent for the cause of socialism. What am I supposed to say?" she asked a friend. Now she too has been exposed—but only posthumously. Exposing leftists while they are still active is known as McCarthyism.

David Gergen, former White House "moderate" (see "On the Right," *NR*, April 6), is seeking the presidency of the Public Broadcasting Service. He will not feel lonely there, for the media, and particularly public broadcasting, have become a kind of Valhalla for liberal flacks. Hodding Carter (formerly with Jimmy Carter) appears on public TV. Frank Mankiewicz (once with George McGovern) did a stint as president of National Public Radio. Bill Moyers (LBJ) appears on PBS, besides delivering the daily homily for Dan Rather. One would think that public broadcasters, who discharge a public trust, would be especially wary of giving scandal. On the other hand, though, if liberalism is truth, then the distinction between liberal politicking and liberal broadcasting becomes exiguous. David Gergen, having made enough mischief at public expense, should find some berth in the private sector. Maybe that way he would learn something about it.

You've missed the first issue of the *Yale Journal on Regulation*, but you're just in time for the second one, which boasts contributions from former Civil Aeronautics Board Vice Chairman Elizabeth Bailey and Alfred Kahn, the federal official who showed that recognizable human life could exist inside the Carter Administration. The magazine comes forth twice a year, and subscription information can be obtained by writing: *Yale Journal on Regulation*, 401-A Yale Station, New Haven, Conn. 06520.

Senators Grassley and Levin have introduced a bill to elevate taxpayers to the status of criminals, i.e., by requiring the IRS to inform them of their rights before it starts snooping. The IRS complains that the bill would cripple its ability to intimidate taxpayers, er, enforce collections.

It's that time of year again, and a company out west is selling a new "drug," Damitol, to ease "taxic-shock syndrome."

McGovern Triumphant

AFTER COMING in third in the Massachusetts primary, George McGovern, true to his word, bowed out of the presidential race. He exited amid congratulations for his relaxed performance and genial good humor, and general agreement on his new status as elder statesman of the Democratic Party. Indeed, his respectable showing in the primary voting to that point did not really represent "nostalgia," but an appreciation of his accomplishments. Prophecies that he would be "Stassenized" notably failed to be realized. Far from it. McGovern is now being talked about as a contender for the Massachusetts Senate seat being vacated by Paul Tsongas, and he may well return to the Senate from what he clearly regards as sacred turf.

All of this is perfectly appropriate, for McGovern is not a loser historically, but a big winner.

Though Lyndon Johnson buried Barry Goldwater electorally in 1964, the forces represented by Goldwater that year were in the process of transforming and seizing control of the Republican Party. Goldwater could not be elected President, but he cleared the way for Ronald Reagan. Symmetrically, George McGovern had no chance against Nixon in 1972, but he represented forces that were irrevocably changing the Democratic Party, to the point where no one can win the Democratic presidential nomination today who is not substantially a McGovernite.

In 1944, when insiders knew that FDR was dying —some White House aides routinely referred to him as "the corpse"—party regulars forced the leftist Henry Wallace off the ticket and substituted Harry Truman. From Hiroshima through Greece, the Marshall Plan, the Berlin airlift, and Korea, Truman pursued a "regular" Democratic foreign policy abroad. In 1946, he sat on the platform in Fulton, Missouri, when Winston Churchill made his famous "Iron Curtain" speech. The Wallaceite accommodationist Left

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was forced to the margins of the party and, in 1948, temporarily out of it altogether.

George McGovern was a delegate to Henry Wallace's breakaway Progressive Party convention in 1948, and a straight line can be drawn from 1948 to 1972, when the isolationist-accommodationist Left at long last seized control of the Democratic Party and, in a reversal of 1944, relegated the regulars to the margin. This transformation was made possible by demographic and political changes: the loss of the South, which had been a sheet-anchor against the Left; the eclipse of labor-union power (Lane Kirkland is one of the few remaining Democratic leaders who care at all about free unions in Poland, Nicaragua, and elsewhere); the rise of militant women and minorities; the exponential growth of the welfare class; and the rise of the "new class" of "upwardly mobile professionals" of the "Jacuzzi generation." In the nation as a whole, the new constellation represents an electoral minority. In the Democratic Party, it calls the tune.

Neither Mondale nor Hart ever seriously steps outside the McGovernite consensus. Neither challenges reverse discrimination or busing; neither challenges the idea of group entitlement based on race or gender. Hart, especially, echoes McGovern's Left isolationism (remember "Come home, America"?). Neither Hart nor Mondale supported Grenada. Hart would not use U.S. ground forces in the Persian Gulf and would unilaterally pull U.S. forces and U.S. military aid out of Central America, giving the thousands of Cuban and Eastern bloc "advisors" a free ride in the area. He would cancel the MX project without any compensating Soviet reduction. The "compassion" peddled by Mondale is a codeword for stepped-up income transfers (remember the "Demogrants"?). The 1972 Democratic convention—McGovern's convention—featured gay-rights demonstrations, abortion-rights demonstrations, and delegate quotas based on race and gender —the very model of the Democratic Party today.

Senator Henry Jackson is dead, and he has no effective political heirs. The new Jackson, Jesse, is a Third World redistributionist candidate. Henry Jackson Democrats like Lane Kirkland and Ben Wattenberg stand outside the new consensus of the Democratic, that is McGovern, Party.

Metzenbaumism

CONGRATULATIONS are in order for Senator Howard Metzenbaum. The Ohio Democrat has gotten Edwin Meese III onto the cover of *Newsweek*, onto the evening news, into the newspaper headlines, and into innumerable editorial-page cartoons. Nobody seemed more surprised than Meese, who, far from feeling he had anything to hide, had submitted himself to a thorough financial scrutiny. He had expected to be routinely confirmed as Attorney General. Metzenbaum took care of that.

The theme might be summed up as Watergate II. The Democrats have few issues left. Reagan is popular. It is election year. A big corruption scandal would be just the thing. So Metzenbaum and his friends have cooked up a set of charges—involving the Carter campaign and briefing papers, a couple of personal loans, a few appointments—and passed it on to the media, trusting that all the charges together would create an atmosphere of suspicion in which the proving of even a minor irregularity would resound as in an echo chamber. Walter Mondale is already talking about "the sleaze factor in this Administration"—a vague and sleazy formulation.

The drive is on to find Ed Meese guilty of something, anything. Nobody really thinks he's a crook. On the contrary, he has a reputation for honesty. Even on the worst reasonable construction, he hasn't used public office to line his pockets. He borrowed money and fell behind in his mortgage payments so that he could stay in public service, although he could probably have made far more money in private life. Ironically, years of dark talk about Ronald Reagan's circle of California millionaire friends have helped foster the impression that Meese is venal, one of the greedy as against the needy, etc. But the plain fact, highlighted by the current uproar, is that Meese is *not* rich. He contrasts favorably with Metzenbaum, a millionaire who has twice been required to pay large back taxes ($118,000 in 1969, $31,000 in 1975) to the IRS.

It may not even be necessary to prove anything against Meese. Martin Agronsky, among others, is arguing that the mere "perception" that Meese is less than he might be (a perception diligently promoted by the media-Democratic alliance) should cause him to step aside. This is a curious argument: It implies that if the accusers get a big head start on the accused, be he ever so innocent, he should have the good grace to slink away.

Savor this a moment. Admire the mediaDems' moral acrobatics. During the McCarthy era they weren't telling the accused to resign themselves to "perceptions": They were attacking loose and baseless accusations, focusing attention on the accusers' methods and motives, and lamenting the climate of distrust. The presumption of innocence was paramount; we heard of inquisitions, witch-hunts, the ruin of careers, "McCarthyism."

The Democrats have shown a great capacity for extending understanding, moral tolerance, and the benefit of the doubt when the putative malefactors were Edward Kennedy, Fred Richmond, Charles Diggs, and Gerry Studds. They managed to restrain their zeal for purity and full inquiry when their own were caught up in the Koreagate and Abscam scandals. The names of Wilbur Mills, Wayne Hays, Herman

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Talmadge, Daniel Flood, John Jenrette, and Harrison Williams evoke memories, but they are not memories of Democrats crusading for ethical rigor. In the background, of course, stands the towering figure of Lyndon Johnson, who parlayed a senator's salary into a business empire without exciting the curiosity of either his own party or the investigative journalists.

If this were all, it could be taken as rather normal partisan politics. But as the Democratic Party has veered toward the ideological Left, it has developed a rhetoric of moral relativism that permits it to dispense with traditional norms involving abortion, homosexuality, school prayer, and property rights. At the same time it invokes selected norms against its enemies. And so Walter Mondale can talk about "sleaze" and even accuse Ronald Reagan of "sin" for his social policies, while supporting subsidized abortion and addressing gay-rights banquets. Meanwhile, Moral Majority types are accused of "imposing their views" for merely reasserting the older moral consensus.

The traditional morality was at least not a smorgasbord. It was complete and coherent, and it applied to everyone. The new morality is incoherent but marvelously self-serving, and can be applied vindictively to Edwin Meese.

Fino, Gilhooley, and Lefkowitz

THAT ETHNIC and prosodic masterpiece was the Republican slate in a New York election many seasons ago. But tribal politicking lives on, in the Empire State and elsewhere.

The hottest issue of the last two weeks in the Democratic contest has been the location of the American embassy in Israel. Should it be in Jerusalem, where Israel maintains its capital? Or in Tel Aviv where, for a concatenation of diplomatic reasons, America has kept it? It is hardly a crucial matter, either for Israel's security or for our Middle Eastern policy. But the New York Democratic primary vote is traditionally one-quarter to one-third Jewish. So Walter Mondale and Gary Hart, both of them with records of unblemished ultramontanism where Israel is concerned, have been wrangling over it. Hart, it seems, once suggested that the move should be made only after consulting with other countries in the region. Boo, hiss. Hart returns the fire by accusing Mondale of supporting a Carter Administration sale of F-15s to Saudi Arabia.

On a different front, Hart suggested over some beer and soda bread in an Irish bar in Queens that the United States send an envoy to Northern Ireland. The Middle East, it seems, is not enough to keep a Hart State Department busy. We will also undertake to referee the bitterest European grudge match of the last thousand years.

Jesse Jackson's rainbow coalition, meanwhile, shows all the colors of a rainbow at midnight. Jackson's percentage of the non-black vote has been nearly undetectable, and he has given up all but the most formalistic efforts to increase it. One of Jackson's most vocal supporters, incidentally, has been Louis Farrakhan, leader of the Nation of Islam. Farrakhan's sect once believed that the white race was created in a prehistoric breeding experiment on the island of Patmos by an evil doctor. The press, which gives lascivious attention to Jerry Falwell's opinions, has shown no interest in reporting where Farrakhan now stands, or what Jackson thinks about it; which, come to think of it, has racist overtones—i.e., what Falwell thinks matters, what Farrakhan thinks does not.

Some of the rituals of ethnic politics—eating strange food, donning odd headgear—are harmless, even salutary. They show courtesy toward the group involved, and they entertain the nation at large. The promises are another matter. Breaking them breeds frustration, keeping them can be disastrous. Making

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them is condescending. Someone remind Fino, Gilhooley, and Lefkowitz that they are running for President of the United States (capital: Washington; pop: 232.6 million).

'Civil Rights' v. Freedom

THE REALLY fundamental political events of the season may be taking place in the judiciary, not in the primaries. By a 6 to 3 vote, the Supreme Court has ruled in favor of Grove City College in Pennsylvania, which has steadily refused to comply with federal standards (such as they are) on sex discrimination while also refusing to take federal money. Six years ago the Carter regime struck back at Grove City by trying to cancel federal aid to individual students in order to punish the college.

Such is the appetite of tyranny. Nobody had even accused Grove City of discrimination; the college had merely declined to submit to bureaucratic hegemony. It had, in other words, declined the role of presumptive defendant that private citizens and institutions are nowadays expected to assume vis-à-vis the state.

The Court didn't totally change this servile relationship. It merely limited the government's means of retaliation to the specific programs affected under Title IX of the 1972 Education Amendments to the 1964 Civil Rights Act—women's academic and sports programs—rather than allowing the government to punish the school as a whole.

We note the grotesquerie of defining this sort of pressure against the shrinking private sector as an increase in "civil rights." In a free society the burden of proof ought to be on the state, not on private citizens. Most Americans are weary of being presumed guilty and made accountable for their very motives, and it isn't lost on all of them that the sort of action taken against Grove City had the support of Walter Mondale, John Glenn, and Gary "New Ideas" Hart. Americans are getting the message that the more "civil rights" this or that group allegedly has, the less freedom everyone has.

They Think It Matters

ON SUNDAY, March 25, 1984, a presidential election took place in an impoverished Third World nation rent by civil war and terrorism. Leftist guerrillas sought to disrupt the balloting by attacking power transmitters throughout the country and by preventing voters from reaching the polls. Complex election procedures—designed partly with international assistance and intended to prevent fraud—made the balloting cumbersome and tedious.

In the face of such formidable obstacles, the citizens of this Third World country turned out for the election in massive numbers, many risking their lives by defying guerrilla roadblocks to reach the polling places. In the end, the percentage of the potential voters who cast their ballots was higher than in the last U.S. presidential election. The candidate receiving the greatest number of votes was a centrist Christian Democrat, a man internationally recognized as the leading advocate of a moderate democratic course for his country.

By comparison with the elections held in the vast majority of developing countries—not to mention the Potemkin parodies passed off as elections in the Eastern bloc—this particular election was a model of democracy. Had it taken place in Nicaragua or Mozambique or some other darling of the American Left, the praise emanating from the establishment media would have been effusive and sustained. As it was, however, the *New York Times* disparaged the election in its lead headlines, proclaiming that "disorder," "confusion," and "mixups" had spoiled the polling. The *Washington Post* also strained at a gnat in striving to give the impression of an election whose results were questionable and perhaps invalid.

The *Washington Times*, to its credit, reported what had actually happened: "SALVADORANS DEFY REBELS, CROWD POLLS." El Salvador's presidential election was, in fact, an impressive and inspiring witness to the determination of common people to live under a government of their own choosing. U.S. House Majority Leader Jim Wright, who was among the many international observers present, declared the election "valid" and "impressive" and stated that he would seek congressional approval for a large aid package for the country.

It is somewhat pathetic that numerous representatives of the liberal East Coast media and many Democratic congressmen are simply unwilling to give El Salvador a fair chance to get on its feet. Congressmen who demand a resumption of U.S. aid to Nicaragua—where democracy has become a complete sham—can somehow claim consistency in wanting to end U.S. aid to El Salvador, where an admirable struggle to achieve a stable democracy is under way.

Ocean Travel

Gary's searching in the crow's nest for
  Some flotsam that looks new;
Fritz is sweating in the engine room,
  Haranguing half the crew.
In the lounge, where willing waiters rush,
  Defying crest and trough,
Mr. Reagan's asking tourists if
  They're feeling better off.

W. H. VON DREELE

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The main argument against U.S. aid is that El Salvador is plagued by right-wing death squads. True enough. And some elements in El Salvador's military and governing class have links with those criminals. Also true, and utterly deplorable. But are these sufficient causes to abandon an entire people to the domination of radical left-wing Marxists who, if they come to power, will promptly set about organizing official, uniformed death squads whose deeds will make those of the Mafia-like Right pale by comparison? The Salvadoran government, for all its warts, is the only channel the United States has for rendering assistance to a much-maligned and well-deserving people, and U.S. aid may be the only possible means of preventing that people from falling victim to a far worse fate than it now endures. The Salvadorans have done their part, even though Senator Dodd and ex-Ambassador White would apparently let 'em eat Marx.

Another Election

THE SANDINISTAS' decision to hold the much-promised Nicaraguan election next November came after a bitter internal debate. But the lessons of Grenada finally triggered a consensus within the junta. Despite a voting army and militia controlled by the FSLN (Sandinista Liberation Front), and despite an election boycott by opposition parties both inside and outside the country, the Sandinistas, not content with the prospect of a Soviet-style victory by acclamation, have taken to bribing minor party officials from the Democratic Coordinating Board to run so they can say there was an opposition.

Nor do the Sandinistas intend to risk suffering the fate of Walter Mondale. To start with, the junta has gone into gerrymandering: It has been redistricting Nicaragua in order to ensure greater representation from areas with young voters as well as to undercut the traditional opposition parties—the Conservative Party (now headed by Adolfo Calero, the political chief of the Honduras-based FDN rebels) and Alfonso Robelo's Movement for a Democratic Nicaragua.

Then last November, fine-tuning its approach, it commissioned the Statistic Institute of Spain to poll four thousand Nicaraguans. The results were somewhat less than overwhelming. If the voting age remained at 18 and the FSLN ran alone, it would garner only 35 per cent of the vote. If the Sandinistas ran in an alliance with some of the parties from the Democratic Coordinating Board, or at least the bribed members of those parties, they would still get only 45 per cent. But the poll showed that *if* the voting age were lowered to 16 *and* the FSLN ran in some coalition, it would get 55 per cent. So last month the Sandinistas announced that 16-year-olds could vote.

The Politics of Timidity

VIOLENCE SEEMS at times to be an eternal specter haunting the Middle East, but, in fact, violence is but the cruel stepfather of the real driving force behind Middle Eastern politics: timidity.

To illustrate the point, consider Yasir Arafat. Too timid to defy the radicals in the PLO, he has waffled for many long months now on the question of allowing Jordan to represent the Palestinians in negotiations with Israel. Seeking to bolster his political position vis-à-vis the radicals—as well as to bolster his courage—Arafat recently sought to have Palestinians from the West Bank and Gaza attend the next Palestinian council in Amman, Jordan. Israel, however, refused to allow them to go, being rather timid itself when it comes to seizing opportunities for peace that involve any degree of Palestinian participation.

Israel's refusal in turn angered King Hussein of Jordan, the great survivor of the Middle East and master of the politics of timidity. Hussein proceeded to denounce U.S. ties with Israel in a *New York Times* interview, partly out of anger over Israel's stubbornness, but largely out of fear. Hussein, quite simply, was seeking to avert his own murder at the hands of Syrian-bankrolled assassins, and prudence called for distancing himself from Washington.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, timidity could be seen in all quarters. An election-year Congress, timid in the face of the Israeli lobby, made it clear that it would not countenance the sale of U.S. Stinger anti-aircraft missiles to Jordan. This gave the Reagan Administration a convenient excuse to take the unprecedented step of withdrawing its notification of the sale from Congress. The Administration's motivation was not anger at Hussein's ill-timed remarks, as it pretended, but—you guessed it—simple timidity about standing up to Congress and insisting on a weapons sale that makes eminent strategic and diplomatic sense.

Thus onward rolls the wheel of Middle Eastern politics. Hussein saves his skin. Arafat saves face. The Israelis hold on to the West Bank. The Democrats keep their seats in Congress. The Administration's Middle East policy staggers on. As for that elusive peace on the horizon, all parties continue to march toward it at a pace that is . . . timid.

Big Dan's Tavern

FOUR DEFENDANTS have now been sentenced to terms of nine to 12 years for a rape that occurred on a pool table in Big Dan's tavern, now closed, in New Bedford, Massachusetts. The trial, which was televised, appears to have been procedurally fair, and no reason has emerged to doubt the jury's verdict of

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guilty. The jury in fact acquitted two other defendants on grounds of reasonable doubt. The sentences themselves do not seem harsh: For the crime of aggravated rape, the convicted men could have received life in prison, or, as Portuguese aliens, they could have been deported.

Nevertheless, thousands of people have demonstrated locally in support of . . . the convicted rapists. These large demonstrations reflect a moral and cultural conflict that has been surfacing in New Bedford and Fall River and on Boston call-in radio talk shows. In the local Portuguese neighborhoods, which are highly "traditional," it is the woman *victim* who is widely regarded as guilty. She should have "been at home," it is said. Her very presence in Big Dan's at that time of night to buy cigarettes and a drink, or several drinks, was enough provocation. Local *women* have been much more severe on the victim than local men: "She should have been hanged." The woman who was raped stepped outside the protective boundaries of locally acceptable behavior.

However imprudent it may have been for her to have been in Big Dan's under those circumstances, however, she had every legal right to be there. Just because you are flashing a large bankroll around Manhattan does not justify your being mugged and robbed. The jury did include members of the local ethnic community, and they did their civic duty, chilling though that obviously has been to local notions of proper female behavior.

No doubt there is some pathos in this clash between local norms and the wider legal and civic culture. But it is difficult not to conclude that the public lionization of the convicted rapists—the two acquitted defendants, who were present in Big Dan's, have been leading the marches—represents a serious corruption of whatever "traditional" values prevail in the New Bedford Portuguese community.

Karl Baarslag, R I P

THREE DAYS after Pearl Harbor, Karl Baarslag received orders to report to the Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI) in Washington because of his specialized knowledge of Communism. A seagoing man since the close of World War I, and a serious student of Communist activity since about 1920, he was one of the few men in the nation who could have fulfilled the role for which he was needed by the ONI.

For the invasion of Europe, he was attached to the staff of Field Marshal Montgomery and charged with the seizure under assault conditions of enemy documents and other intelligence targets. (He was the first U.S. Navy officer to reach the naval base at Kiel, seizing it with British troops five days before the formal signing of the armistice.) Much of what he accumulated added greatly to his already impressive knowledge of subversion and clandestine warfare.

After the war, his expertise served both private and congressional investigations of Communism, and he wrote numerous articles and monographs of permanent value on the subject.

Whittaker Chambers has now received the Medal of Freedom posthumously, the nation's highest civilian award, but Karl Baarslag and many others were also soldiers in the continuing war against totalitarian tyranny. He died in Palm Beach at 83 of a heart attack, and is survived by his wife, Esther, and his two sons, Karel and Eric.

Going to Jerusalem

In Israel, our embassy
  Is still in Tel Aviv;
In New York, Fritz and Gary say
  The time has come to leave.
Though forty million Arabs are
  Implacably opposed,
Few vote in New York City, so
  This twosome's well-disposed.

W. H. VON DREELE

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Thus far in 1984 we have seen a welcome revival of interest in Orwell's classic *Nineteen Eighty-Four.* Lost in the shuffle, however, are milestones for at least two other "works of warning": 1984 is the fortieth anniversary of Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom* and the twentieth anniversary of James Burnham's *Suicide of the West.* Both of these books created quite a stir when first published. Unfortunately, they are not receiving renewed acclaim today.

Is there a lesson here? Perhaps all great conservative works should be renamed for upcoming years starting with 1985. This would create an excuse for rereading and provoke fresh attention to their theses.

I see only one problem as I glance through my library. We have many books worthy of revival, but may not have many years left in which to revive them. Any solutions?

Yours till 19-?
Mark Zimmerman
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Zimmerman: You should write in and get Volume I of the Buckley-Little Catalogue of Remaindered Books, P.O. Box 512, Canal Street Sta-

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tion, New York, N.Y. 10013. That is a starter. Cordially, —WFB

☐ E-COM transmission by
Netword (800)222-ECOM

From: pyuxbb!ggr (Guy Riddle)
Date: 19 Jan 84 20:27:36 EST (Thu)
To: William F. Buckley
Subject: Price Gouging

Regarding your MCIMail response (which I painstakingly imported to *my* computer):

Date: Thu Jan 19, 1984 12:32 am EST
From: William F. Buckley Jr. / MCI ID: 121-0059
TO: * Guy Riddle / MCI ID: 110-5898
Subject: RE: Your recent article about MCIMail

Dear Mr. Riddle: thank you for your note. I have not throught//thought through to the problems that would be raised by postal addresses licentiously hospitable. I get a lot of commercial mail, but pause longingly ov/ only over Lands End Catalogue, so I deem myself relatively safe. All I want at this point is the simple transformation of a modest address (e.g.: Department of Economics, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass) into a Zip Code, and if American technology cannot address is: National Review, 150 ast 35th Street, New York 10015, address is: National Review, 150 ast 35th Street, New York 10015, Trial subscription $1498.
Yours cordially, WFB

I had not realized inflation and the increases in Second-Class postage rates had boosted your subscription rates so high. How many months do you get for the $1500.00?
ggr
P.S. I've never seen anyone use a closing on an electronic message, I'm not sure why. Signatures are also optional, too.
P.P.S. Also, in the computer world, the number one (1) is different from the lower-case L (l) and all programs I know of will object (indirectly—not saying "use the 1 key, next to the 2, stupid" but just misinterpreting your request) if you type a lower-case L when they expect numeric input.

Guy Riddle
AT&T Bell Laboratories
6 Corporate Place
Piscataway, N.J.

Dear Mr. Riddle: Thank you for the understanding you show the neophyte electronic mail user. We pledge to index the cost of NATIONAL REVIEW to the cost of long-distance telephone calls. Cordially,
—WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have a dilemma I hope you can help me solve—none of my Democrat friends have been much help.

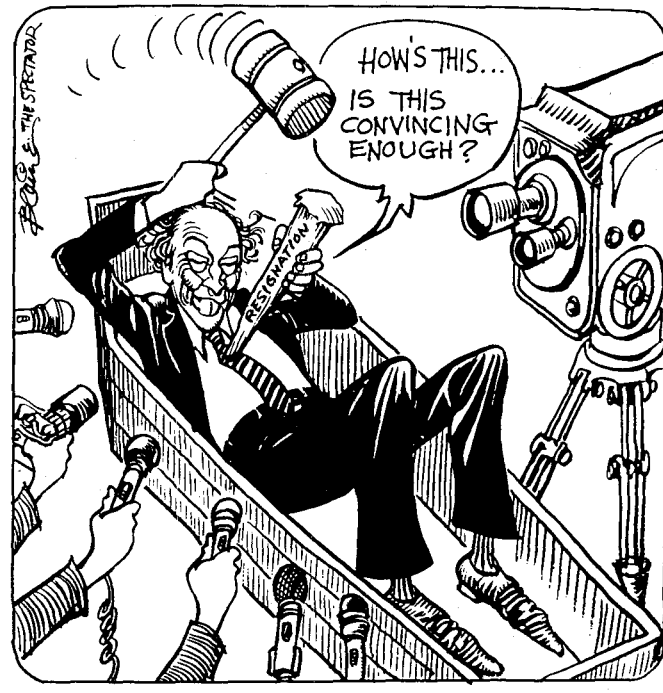
Part one: As a good California liberal, I believe, along with our great Senator Alan Cranston, that all leftist regimes are run by good-hearted, humanistic guys dedicated to the service of humanity. Therefore, I had no choice but to believe the Russians when they lied in denying they shot down that Korean jetliner. I then believed them when they lied and claimed their pilot couldn't recognize it as a civilian aircraft because all its lights were out. I even believed them when they lied and said they had tried to get it to land at a Soviet airfield. Now, when they claim they were justified in shooting it down because it was on a spy mission ordered by our warmongering President, I must, for the sake of consistency, believe them again. Mustn't I?

Part two: We liberals pummel the Federal Reserve for not loosening up on the money supply to bring interest rates down so as to remove the terrible threat to our economic recovery from the Reagan Depression. But why is it that every time there's an increase in the money supply, interest rates go up, not down, and when a decrease occurs, interest rates go down, not up? Is all this a conservative plot to confuse us liberals?

My dilemma is this: Should I start paying attention to facts or hold tight to my liberal ideology?

Sincerely,
Richard R. Heath
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Mr. Heath: A tough one. We'll submit the question to the National Endowment for the Humanities. We're just plain baffled. Cordially, **—WFB**



Blaine, *Hamilton Spectator*/Rothco

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TAXATION, INFLATION, & MONEY

PROBLEM TO BE SOLVED: Why did the dollar drop by about 8 per cent against most major currencies between January and March? (The dollar value of an ounce of gold rose by the same amount in that period.)

Response of Established Experts: The dollar fell because it was "overvalued." This explains nothing. It is little more than a sigh of relief from the experts, who have found the markets, if ever so briefly, to be in agreement with them. The inadequacy of the conventional wisdom is apparent when we look more closely at what happened.

Conventional Wisdom, 1981-84: "The dollar has been so strong because interest rates have been so high." But if high interest rates give us a strong dollar, then higher interest rates should give us a stronger dollar, right? Wrong. In the same January-to-March period, interest rates rose.

Data: January 20, 1984: One dollar exchanged for 2.80 West German marks, 8.60 French francs, 233 Japanese yen; a British pound cost $1.40. Interest rates: Thirty-year bonds, 11.66 per cent; three-month T-bills, 8.90 per cent. Gold: $370 per ounce.

March 8, 1984: 2.56 marks, 7.87 francs, 223 yen; pound, $1.47. Thirty-year bonds, 12.37 per cent. T-bills, 9.37 per cent. Gold, $400 per ounce.

All of which is absurd if the dollar's strength is proportional to the height of interest rates. So, a new theory is needed.

New Theory: If you raise taxes, then the value of a currency will decline. And in today's sensitive markets, it will decline if a government so much as *talks* about raising taxes. This is another way of saying that taxation is inflationary, since prices are determined not just by the *quantity* of money, but also by its quality.

If you expect to be paid in some currency—say, dollars—and the government announces that it intends to capture a larger percentage of all dollars in the future, then all dollars become marginally less desirable in the future. Your demand for them will decline even though their supply remains unchanged (in fact, it might be wise to exchange them for untaxed gold right now). So the less valuable (more highly taxed) dollars will circulate more rapidly. That is, their "velocity" will rise.

As with any other commodity, when dollars become less desirable, their exchange rate will decline. And interest rates will also tend to rise, as they always do with rising inflation. (Interest rates mainly consist of an inflation premium, after all.) So this theory directly defies the conventional wisdom.

Conventional Theory: Tax cuts are inflationary. Or, rising taxes are deflationary. They are said to "remove purchasing power from the economy." This is Keynesian gospel, and President Carter heeded it, to his detriment. He was told he couldn't cut taxes because that would be inflationary. And so he didn't. Both taxes and inflation rose in his term. Then they told President Reagan not to cut taxes for the same reason, and happily he paid no attention. He cut taxes and inflation subsided.

Proof That Conventional Theory Is Wrong: We do know for sure that inflation gives us tax increases—thanks to the progressivity of the tax code, and "bracket creep." But if inflation gives us tax increases, and tax increases are deflationary, then we would have what engineers call a negative feedback loop: Every little upsurge of inflation would produce its own deflationary response. We would live in a world of stable money. Which is absurd.

Evidence for New Theory: David Ranson of H. C. Wainwright & Co., who keeps an eye on such matters, since he is in the economic-forecasting business, does not know of any formal study of the relationship between higher taxes and inflation. The deficit-obsessed experts quoted every day in the business pages show little or no interest in tax changes as the key economic variable in a market economy. So what you see above is pretty much a virgin statement of the theory—elementary though it may be. (Come to think of it, George Gilder does talk about "taxflation" in *Wealth and Poverty.*)

But consider the following recent developments. Although the Reagan Administration has been trying to keep domestic taxes down, the U.S. Agency for International Development has been encouraging U.S.-aid-recipient nations with unbalanced budgets to raise taxes. According to our new theory, this combination should produce a strong dollar.

In 1981 and 1982 the Mitterrand government raised taxes in France. Inflation went up and the franc went down. Margaret Thatcher stubbornly declined to cut the very high marginal tax rates in Britain, when it was expected that she might. The pound declined. In 1983, the new West German government of Helmut Kohl raised taxes. The mark declined.

In mid-January 1984, however, the German finance minister publicly discussed "across-the-board cuts . . . in income-tax rates." Japan, too, has been moving toward a tax cut. In America, by contrast, President Reagan agreed to a "down-payment on the deficit." Translation: one more election-year tax increase. In short, earlier this year there was a reversal: talk of tax increases at home, tax cuts abroad. And this reversal, according to the new theory, should have depressed the dollar.

Which was demonstrated. □

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HART, SON OF McGOVERN

DEMOCRATS IN Washington who are climbing on the Hart bandwagon are now saying that his ideas are not so much "new" as they are syncretistic, reconciling the older liberalism of the New Deal with the newer, popular conservative Reaganism. FDR was the thesis, Reagan is the antithesis, and Hart is the synthesis. Reading Hart this way clears two hurdles: 1) His ideas are not, palpably, new. 2) Viewed as a synthesizer, Hart becomes moderate, agreeably reasonable, centrist; and so Mr. Reagan is pushed off to the fringe.

The problems with this view are manifold, not the least of them being that Ronald Reagan's foreign policy is certainly not the antithesis of FDR's. Quite the opposite: Mr. Reagan is the legitimate and lineal heir of FDR and Harry Truman and John F. Kennedy, continuing their bipartisan, internationalist doctrine and approach. It makes sense for Reagan to quote Kennedy's speeches, because they hold the same view of what the United States represents in today's world—defender of mankind's freedom—and what the Soviets are—advocates and purveyors of totalitarianism.

Gary Hart does not stand midway between FDR and RR. Rather, he is the legitimate heir of Senator Gerald Nye and the isolationists of the mid-Thirties. His foreign policy is Son of McGovern: He won't defend the Persian Gulf, he won't defend Lebanon, he won't defend El Salvador, he won't defend Honduras, and he would withdraw large elements of our forces from Europe. Mr. Reagan has relied too much on force, says Hart. Diplomacy and/or economic aid would have served as well. In Central America, he believes, the main problem is poverty—and if you point out that Cuban-supplied Communist guerrillas are active there, he doesn't blink an eye, doggedly reiterating that impoverishment is the true and primary cause of the turbulence. So, Gary Hart is at the center of the residual McGovernite intelligentsia who came to dominate the Democratic Party in 1972 and who continue to believe, for example, that Castro rates higher as a leader than Ronald Reagan. Thus Hart finds it impossible in a one-half-page interview with the *Washington Post* to describe Castro as what he is, namely a dictator.

Of course Hart hedges his bets. In the Middle East, he is against sending troops to protect oil traffic through the Strait of Hormuz, but he says he would provide air and sea support for European and Japanese ground action in the region. "Who does he think he's kidding?" asks Representative Newt Gingrich (R., Ga.). "Can you imagine what would have happened if Harry Truman had phoned the allies in 1950 and said, 'If you guys would like to send your troops over to Korea, we'll be glad to supply air and sea cover'? What a joke." Gingrich believes the electorate will reject Hart's isolationism, once they see it for what it is.

ON DEFENSE POLICY, Mr. Hart is far more thoughtful than McGovern, and his work-your-tail-off dedication over the past five years has won the respect not only of Gingrich, but also of Representative G. William Whitehurst (R., Va.) in that small circle of military historians, consultants, and staffers—including Robert McNamara's protégé Pierre Sprey, combat historian and theoretician John Boyd, and Hart's military staffer, Bill Lind—that formed the nucleus of the Congressional Military Reform Caucus. Hart helped develop the caucus's criticism of the Pentagon on the grounds that: 1) U.S. combat readiness is deplorable, as Desert I and the Beirut Marine massacre demonstrate; 2) our professional officer corps should be oriented toward combat, not bureaucracy; 3) conventional battlefield weaponry needs more emphasis; and 4) the Pentagon is a procurement nightmare.

Hart goes further than some members of the caucus, rejecting the MX, the B-1, and the M-1 tank, all of them weapons systems that now exist, and all widely regarded as good (the M-1 having taken a bum press rap). Hart would replace them with pieces of paper: The Stealth airplane does not now exist, and no main battle tank exists to supplant the M-1.

Why does Hart want to scuttle these weapons? This is the same question, really, as, Why is Gary Hart isolationist? Hart's foreign and defense policies are both a function of economics. Being isolationist costs less than being internationalist (in the short run). Grenada was more expensive than, say, a skull session of diplomats. Conventional arms cost much less than expensive super-weaponry like the MX, the B-1, and space ABMs. But the question persists, Why does the economy play such a big role in Hart's foreign and security policies? Answer: Hart is driven by the need to fund a big liberal domestic agenda ("trillions and trillions to rebuild our infrastructure"). The way to do that is to cut the defense budget, and that leads to what some caucus members call Hart's "cheap and nasty" solutions for military preparedness.

Hart nonetheless has a certain rhetorical advantage here. The American people know that, relatively speaking, our military is not combat-ready, the Pentagon's procurement methods are far from efficient, and our conventional weaponry is below par. So, what Mr. Reagan must do (assuming Hart is his eventual opponent) is present Hart as a McGovernite isolationist, who wants to rob our national defense to subsidize a conventional liberal tax-tax, spend-spend agenda. Far from being a synthesizer, Emperor Hart must be seen for what he is—a true McGovernite wearing neoliberal clothes. □

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REAL AND FANTASY ROLES

THE INGENIOUS Paul E. Erdman writes suspense novels in which power politics and high finance play major roles. These novels are highly vulnerable to the march of events, being set in the near future. However, as with a Hitchcock film, for example, disbelief is suspended, and the fact that the fate of the late Shah of Iran was not exactly what happened in *The Crash of '79* is tolerated while the suspension lasts.

Mr. Erdman wrote *The Last Days of America* in 1980, but set it in 1985. His postulates are close enough to the concerns of this column to qualify for a few reflections here. In the novel, the Reagan Administration has come and gone in a single term, having proved incapable of undoing the damage done by its predecessor, not merely to the United States' image of credibility but to the substance of true strategic power. In the German Federal Republic, Franz Josef Strauss, the 1980 loser in the election stakes, is in power as chancellor, much as the 1960 loser Richard Nixon made it to the White House in 1968.

In the novel, the Western Alliance still faces an undiminished Soviet threat. The Soviet-sponsored "peace" campaign has succeeded, and Western Europe has failed to deploy the new nuclear weapons designed to counter the Soviet SS-20s. With strong leadership from Strauss and a revival of Germany's sense of historical destiny, a marriage of convenience between American technology and German military efficiency enables Germany to take over from the U.S. as the defender of Western Europe. German credibility is secured by the acquisition of American cruise missiles with a new and advanced guidance system.

Already, a number of Mr. Erdman's postulates have been falsified by events: The "peace" campaign has failed, and deployment has started. Reagan's defense policies look like succeeding, and his chances of re-election seem strong in these admittedly early days. The general proposition that the peoples of Western Europe must learn, or relearn, the virtue of strategic self-reliance is live enough.

In a recent issue of *Time* magazine, Henry Kissinger proposed some drastic rethinking of Alliance defense priorities. Europe should make a greater contribution to conventional defense, allowing the U.S., in time, to reduce its ground deployment in the European theater by perhaps 50 per cent. The Supreme Allied Commander should be a European, not an American; NATO's Secretary General, however, should be an American, not a European; and European governments should play a major part in negotiations on arms control in their own theater.

Dr. Kissinger is worried, and rightly, by the anti-U.S. and neutralist attitudes that have come to the fore in recent years in Western Europe. His proposals for structural reorganization are prompted by the desire to give Europeans a greater incentive to assume responsibility for their own defense consonant with such key facts as that the European member countries of the Alliance have one and a half times the population and twice the GNP of the USSR.

I find much to agree with in Dr. Kissinger's diagnosis, but to me at certain points it seems to err excessively on the side of pessimism, while the remedies he proposes, though not illogical, do not go far enough and amount in some respects to tinkering with the problem.

He points out that the main opposition parties in West Germany and Great Britain are advocating policies that amount to unilateral nuclear disarmament for their countries and avers that these groups "hold sway over key segments of public opinion." Moreover, he fears that, democratic politics being what they are, these groups can be expected to get into office eventually.

There's pessimism for you. If the British elections of June 1983 showed anything, it was that an opposition party campaigning on a unilateralist ticket is courting disaster at the polls. Although I am not an uncritical admirer of democratic politics or of the British "first past the post" system, they and it are to some extent self-correcting. Subject to imponderables, the probability is that, come 1988, the Labour Party will face an unpalatable choice between a further defeat and abandoning defense policies that the British voters find distasteful.

In this context, the recent return to Parliament of Labour's favorite fanatic, Tony Benn, provides a constant reminder that his is no longer the party which stood up to Stalin in the late 1940s.

Trouble in Bonn

ADMITTEDLY the situation in the Federal Republic is more worrying. In the last two or three years of a long innings, Chancellor Schmidt lost control of his Social Democratic (read now "socialist") Party. The deceptively bonhomous Chancellor Kohl, lately in Washington, is strong enough on defense but weak in allowing the socialist-era leftover Dr. Hans-Dietrich Genscher to go on deciding foreign policy. Excluded from policy-making, Dr. Strauss competes with Genscher in showing that he, too, can make friends with the Soviet bloc.

It's a disappointing world: Come back, Erdman, all is forgiven. Meantime, as I have been saying for years, the whole concept (though not the principle) of the Alliance should be thought through afresh, to meet the non-military aspects of the Soviet threat, its global extension since 1949, and other aspects neglected by Henry Kissinger. □

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MRS. THATCHER'S DILEMMA

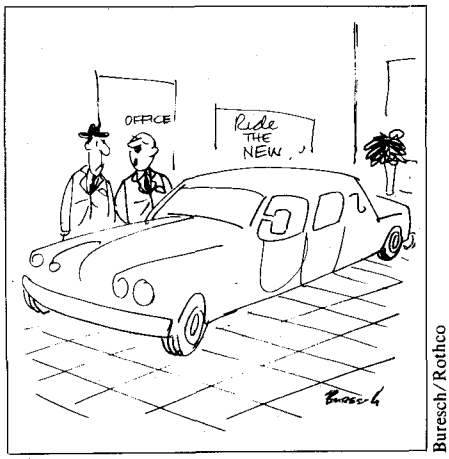
Is Margaret Thatcher still a Thatcherite? That's the question. She says she is, her declared goals remain much the same, and her unyielding, unquestioning, kindergarten-teacher style hasn't changed: but a fundamental shift does seem to have occurred in what her keenest supporters believed, not without reason, to be the very core of Thatcherism. Any real hope of reducing taxation by cutting public expenditure and rethinking the ubiquitous provisions of the welfare state has apparently been abandoned.

The Conservative Party manifesto on which Mrs. Thatcher won power in 1979 was quite explicit. "Any future government which sets out honestly to reduce inflation and taxation," it said, "will have to make substantial economies, and there should be no doubt about our intention to do so." Inflation has indeed been reduced very considerably, but taxation, far from coming down, has actually gone up, both absolutely and as a proportion of the national income. Mrs. Thatcher and her colleagues no longer talk of "cutting" public expenditure, only of "containing" it. Even containing it, they say, requires a constant effort. Tax cuts will have to come, if at all, from the surplus generated by economic growth.

But can a more radical approach be permanently evaded? Some analysts believe not. They argue that the existing burden of public expenditure will become literally insupportable; that by the turn of the century, pension commitments and expensive medical advances will require more money than the working population can provide.

This is not, of course, an exclusively British problem. Throughout the Western world vote-buying politicians and liberal commentators have raised welfare expectations to this possibly unsustainable level—certainly to a level that must pre-empt a large part of everybody's income. Most European countries are already pulling back a little, either trimming social-security benefits or increasing direct charges. One way or another, this is undoubtedly the major political issue of the coming decade. In Britain and America, because of the promises that were made, or were assumed to have been made, by Mrs. Thatcher and President Reagan, it takes a particular, and interestingly similar, form.

In reality the much-talked-about Reagan tax cuts were never calculated to do more than compensate for inflation and the rise in Social Security contributions. Mrs. Thatcher's government, unlike the Reagan Administration, has not tried to escape the dilemma of incompatible promises through deficit financing: it has simply broken the promise of tax cuts. In its first budget after the 1979 election, the grotesquely high top rates of income tax were trimmed, and there was a marginal drop in the standard rate (which was exactly compensated by a simultaneous rise in the value-added tax), but the overall picture is grim. In 1960 public expenditure consumed 33.2 per cent of the gross national product: by 1979 the proportion was 40.5 per cent: in 1982-83, after four years of Thatcherism, it was 44 per cent.



Buresch/Rothco

"Of course it's a status symbol. The only thing more expensive to run is a shopping cart."

All the public-spending cuts, which were forced through amid such controversy, were really just reductions in planned increases. A few months before last summer's election, a private Treasury paper was leaked to the press; it showed that, in another ten years, income tax might have to rise by some 15 per cent merely to sustain existing expenditure, and that, not long afterward, an average rate of 70 to 80 per cent would be required. The government panicked and said that this projection was only a speculative possibility, a subject for theoretical discussion. Labour Party spokesmen claimed that the Conservatives had a "secret manifesto" of swingeing cuts in the welfare state if they won the election, and Mrs. Thatcher responded by renewing her pledge that the real value of pensions and of the money allocated to the National Health Service would be maintained.

No Manifesto

After the election more spending cuts were announced, but again they were only reductions in increases. There was no "secret manifesto"; quite the contrary. The government said that it would welcome a general debate on the whole future of tax-funded welfare services—but, at the same time, repudiated any idea of radical change; of educational vouchers, for example, or a switch to private health insurance. Mrs. Thatcher herself, no less than her colleagues in charge of specific departments, is quicker to boast about the money her government is spending than about money saved.

She defends herself more readily, that is, against attacks from the Left

(Continues on page 64)

Mr. Lejeune is NR*'s longtime London correspondent.*

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Did you miss this one? Don't fail to add it to your permanent collection of Bill Buckley's best-selling books—take advantage of this opportunity to get *Marco Polo, If You Can* FREE (and postpaid) with this special offer!

Marco Polo, If you Can, a Bill Buckley spy-thriller (starring Blackford Oakes), was designated a Main Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club and hit the best-seller lists immediately after publication.

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The plot is one of Buckley's most intricate and suspenseful, and the colorful characters are most convincing. What WFB does here is re-tell the famous U-2 spy-plane affair in such fashion that you'll start wondering whether what you know about it isn't fiction and what you get in this book isn't the *real* story. It's a delightful blend of politics, humor, suspense, and espionage that will delight you from the moment you open the book. Even if you haven't read any of the others, you'll want to have *this* one.

Marco Polo, in the original hardcover edition, sells for $13.95, and this is the edition you'll get, FREE and postpaid, if you take advantage of this offer. All you have to do is subscribe to *National Review* Magazine for a full year at the regular $29 rate and the book is yours without charge. If you're already a subscriber, you may extend your subscription (no matter when it's due to expire) for another 26 issues at the same $29 rate and also get the book FREE. Simply fill out the handy card opposite this page, mail it to us with your check or money order for $29, and we'll take it from there.

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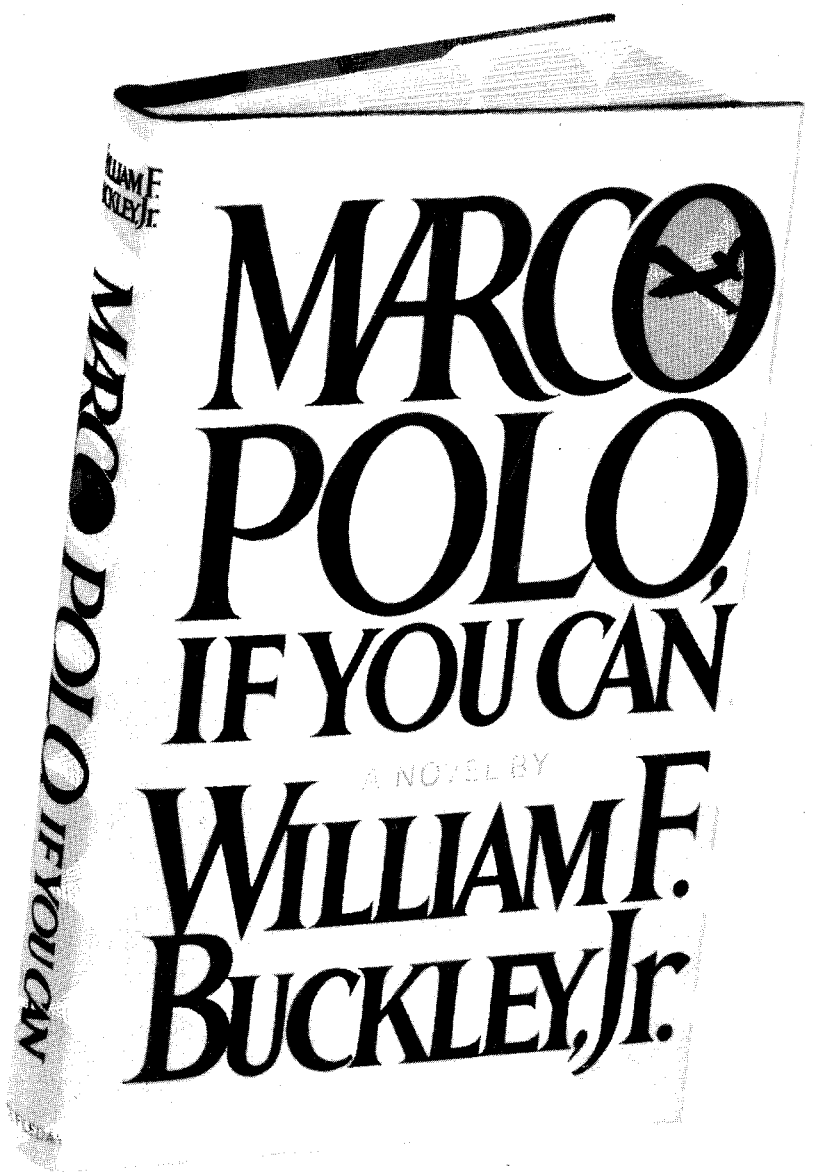

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A NEW IDEA FOR GARY HART?

FOUR YEARS AGO I had the good fortune to meet William Rees-Mogg, then the editor of the (London) *Times*, and one of an apparently small number of contemporary journalists with the capacity for independent thought. He had written a tract on inflation called "The Reigning Error," in which he advocated a restoration of the gold standard; it was a striking article, and I was eager to meet the man. Shortly thereafter he came to Washington. He remarked that the Republicans were bound to win the forthcoming election—this was in February 1980—because they now had the ideas on their side: Whatever one thought of the arguments adduced by the supply-siders, the monetarists, and the old-fashioned budget-balancers, their debate was at least interesting. The same, he felt, could not be said for the latest round in the Democrats' bidding war for the crown of compassion; this could not hold the interest of anyone with an inquiring mind.

What about this year? Where are the interesting ideas today? One has the uncomfortable sense that they have been in hibernation for a couple of years, ever since President Reagan unwisely assented to the 1982 tax increase. Now all that we can see overhead, and stretching away to the horizon, are the grim, cheerless clouds of "deficit reduction." They make one despondent, and they threaten another downpour of taxation.

At the moment, almost anything that can go wrong in the realm of economics is attributed to the federal deficit, present and prospective, no matter how inconsistent such explanations may be. Sometimes the dollar is said to be too strong, and at other times it is said to be in danger of falling rapidly. Both its strength and its prospective weakness are attributed to the deficit. Then again, interest rates are said to be too high (because of the deficit), and this makes life difficult for foreign capitalists: Their capital is irresistibly lured to America. At the same time, the budget deficit is said to inflame the trade deficit, whereby foreign capitalists allegedly profit at the expense of American capitalists. And so on. The rule is: Find a way to attribute any economic imperfection to the deficit.

This is the economic wisdom of 1984. Deficits are dangerous. We hear it from Democrats and Republicans, centrist think-tanks and the Federal Reserve. Fed Chairman Paul Volcker is now so worried about budget deficits that he actually runs monetary policy in such a way as to restrain growth. If there is too much growth the economy will "overheat," apparently, as if it came equipped with axles and cogwheels. Growth, in combination with budget deficits, is thought of as something that makes interest rates go up. To prevent this, Volcker is reported to be trying to hold down growth—with a policy of high interest rates.

To today's deficit-worrier, the absolute level of government spending is of no concern. (It's up from 20 to 24 per cent of GNP in the last three years.) Nor is there much interest in the level of revenue collected. It is merely the disparity between the two that hypnotizes the deficit-monger. This differential is thought of as causing pressure, and therefore pain, or danger. (Current economic analysis seems to be analogized from hydraulics, or perhaps internal medicine. Some economists seem to have it in their heads that the "income stream" is suffering from something very much like high blood pressure.)

The Tax-Raisers' Ploy

IT SHOULD be obvious to anyone with a minimal interest in economics that it is the absolute level of taxation and the absolute level of government spending that determine the extent to which an economy remains free and therefore prosperous. The mere

This article inaugurates a series by Mr. Bethell on the economics of the election campaign.

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difference between these two levels is likely to be a trivial matter: about 5 per cent of GNP at present—smaller than Japan's deficit in percentage terms, and smaller than most other deficits in the world too.

Nevertheless, emphasizing the difference between the levels of taxing and spending, rather than the absolute level of either, is extremely dangerous if it is a prelude to raising taxes to the level of spending. That will only tend to undermine incentives and produce economic decline. But that increasingly is our situation today. It is now widely accepted that spending cuts are politically unobtainable, which of course is another way of saying that they are really not desired. (Defense cuts are an exception.) One has only to consider the extraordinary hostility evoked in Washington by the balanced-budget amendment to realize that this is the case, and that the appeal to a fear of deficits is mostly insincere. (The amendment, of course, is framed in such a way as to make it easier to reduce deficits by cutting spending than by raising taxes.)

With deficits firmly on the agenda and spending cuts ruled out for apparently pragmatic reasons—the increasingly statist George Will has led the charge in this direction—the way is then clear for tax increases that seem to have been advanced only reluctantly, on pragmatic rather than on ideological grounds. "Deficit reduction" thus tends to be nothing more than a misleading appeal to unwary fiscal conservatives: Won't you join our coalition for tax increases? It is safe for you to do so because your adversaries on the Left have now adopted the principles (of prudence and thrift) that you have long advocated. We are all fiscal conservatives now.

This worked beautifully in 1982, and it is working again in 1984. Once again, there will be a tax increase in an election year. This will not reduce the deficit (unsold government) any more than a shopkeeper can increase his revenue by increasing the price of unsold goods on his shelves. On the contrary, it will certainly increase the deficit—and reduce the value of the dollar into the bargain. But the tax increases will increase the central government's control over the economy—which we can assume to have all along been the objective of those who cried deficit.

Perhaps unexpectedly, the Democratic candidates have not only joined in the hue and cry about deficits, but have taken to heart their own bad advice to President Reagan. They have campaigned on a platform of tax increases. One suspected at first that all this was political; that the push for tax increases in the guise of "deficit reduction" was a ploy intended to derail Reagan and to steer the Republicans away from the novel path of tax cutting. Reagan would then once again sign on for tax increases, whereupon the cunning Democrats would triumphantly unfurl the Bradley-Gephardt banner—a proposal to reduce the top tax rate to 30 per cent.

Not a bit of it. The surprising thing has been to discover that when a strong consensus develops, as around the dread of deficits this year, those who are party to the consensus end up believing their message even though they may well have first joined the chorus with the most partisan of motives. In February, Walter Mondale dutifully promulgated his "revenue-raising" measures (see *NR*, "The Week," Feb. 24), which turned out upon examination to be a thinly disguised proposal to increase steeply the progressivity of the tax code. Under his plan the middle class would be pushed into higher tax brackets by inflation.

The Senator Declines

JOHN GLENN by that time had already come out with his tax-increase measure (a 10 per cent income-tax surcharge for everybody), and Fritz Hollings was cheerfully on the record with his $250-billion tax increase—enough even to satisfy George Will. How about Gary Hart, I wondered, the candidate of new ideas and the younger generation? I phoned his campaign headquarters, and was referred to David Landau, a senior Hart aide formerly with the ACLU.

He told me that Senator Hart favors: Higher corporate taxes. Closing of tax loopholes. A "tax-based incomes policy" (modified wage controls). A cap on the third year of the Reagan tax cut. And delaying indexing the tax rates to adjust for inflation, "probably through his first term." In short, Hart is a higher-taxes-to-close-the-deficit candidate, just like the others. I pointed out to Landau that this might be a good moment for Hart to endorse Bradley-Gephardt, in line with his "new ideas" pitch. It would also set him apart from all the other candidates and let Reagan know that he has competition for the affections of the middle class. Landau seemed tempted, and he hesitated. Did I detect a wistful note? But he said: "Basically the Senator feels that the deficit problem is so serious that Bradley-Gephardt will have to be deferred. But he supports the concept."

No Mechanical Rabbits

SO THERE it was. The Democrats had dug a deep pit for Reagan, carefully covered it up with the camouflage of "deficit reduction," and then fallen into it themselves, one by one. Senator Bradley, a likely Democratic presidential candidate in 1988, must be pinching himself, unable to believe his good luck. He had surely felt that *one* of the candidates would take his sensible proposal and run with it. But no one has, which tells us something about the reigning error of 1984. A tax-cutting Democrat might have given Reagan a serious challenge.

Lucky for Reagan too, one might think. And that is no doubt true. But there is another consideration. Tax-cutting Democrats would undoubtedly have challenged Reagan to outbid them. As Jude Wanniski put it in his Polyconomics newsletter: "Even the sleekest of greyhounds needs a mechanical rabbit to go all out. The President needs one too." Reagan may coast to victory, thanks to the political ineptitude of his opposition, but the country would have profited from a race energized by, well, new ideas. "Deficit reduction" is the kind of idea that gave economics the "dismal" label to begin with.

Shortly after the New Hampshire primary, I encountered Rees-Mogg again, this time at Elizabeth Currier's annual conference on monetary reform at Arden House in Harriman, New York. I asked Sir William (as he now is) how he felt about Gary Hart's prospects, and about the most important economic ideas of the current campaign. He said he thought that if Hart could beat Mondale, he might well go on to beat Reagan. "What I am concerned about this year," he added, brushing hair across his forehead with the palm of his hand, "is the budget deficit." □

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RICHARD ARMSTRONG

GUTTER POLITICS IN THE GLOBAL VILLAGE

HE IS NOT your typical slick TV announcer. In fact, the only thing slick about him is the distinctive air of a man who has spent a fair amount of time with his hands in fish-liver oil. He's a Portuguese fisherman, and his message is simple. Good thing, too, because his English is bad. "Will you join me in watching Congressman Barney Frank address the issues of our town on Tuesday at nine o'clock?" he asks haltingly, squinting at the cue card.

You're tuned to the Portuguese Channel, a program service on Whaling City Cable Television in Fall River, Massachusetts. You're watching a commercial created by John Florescu for Congressman Barney Frank. If you're wondering how in this age of ultra-sophisticated political campaigns Barney Frank dared to put a commercial like that on the air, he didn't. He sent it over the wires.

Cable television. Everybody in politics is talking about it. Only a few, like John Florescu, are doing something about it. In the race for political mastery of cable television, the Left seems to have a head start. And to find out why, one must begin at the starting line: Fall River, Massachusetts.

Back in the days when the Republican Party had a voice in the government of Massachusetts, the 10th Congressional District was designed to protect the interests of a powerful Republican incumbent. Even many years later, its twisting boundaries still outline the vestigial remains of a GOP constituency in the Bay State. For 16 years, Republican Representative Margaret Heckler won this district. She won despite the fact that in addition to its Republican neighborhoods, it also contained the decaying mill town of Fall River. With its depressed economy and its large community of Portuguese fishermen, Fall River was the only part of the 10th District considered vulnerable to a Democratic challenge. But Mrs. Heckler's voting record in Congress was liberal enough that she continued to carry it.

If Margaret Heckler was angry when she found out that the 1982 redistricting threatened her seat in Congress, imagine how upset Barney Frank must have been. Frank was a freshman Democrat from the adjoining 4th Congressional District, and although the new district had been gerrymandered in his favor, the 1982 race forced him to battle Mrs. Heckler on her own turf. Frank clung to the only possible winning strategy: to carry his own part of the district, to run as close as possible in Mrs. Heckler's Republican neighborhoods, and to "steal" Fall River.

Barney Frank's strategists did not know much about Fall River. But they did know one thing: Fall River was wired for cable television. It just so happened they'd been getting a lot of letters about cable TV from a consultant named John Florescu.

With his rapid-fire Boston accent and his fiercely liberal ideology, John Florescu may not sound much different from the long line of Massachusetts political operatives that had preceded him. What distinguishes this man from the rank and file of Kennedy minions —a group in which he was once a full-fledged member—is not his ends, but his means. John Florescu is a true believer in the political power of cable TV. But unlike cable's other true believers, Florescu has a record of success to back him up.

By advertising on the Portuguese Channel, Florescu saturated Fall River's ethnic neighborhoods with Barney Frank's name and message. His use of local people in 30-second promotional ads and his choice of a "town meeting" format for three half-hour programs made Frank a more important part of the Fall River community in a few weeks than Mrs. Heckler had managed to become in 16 years. For Barney Frank, cable television was a direct line into the heart of Mrs. Heckler's district. On election day, Fall River voted for Barney Frank; Margaret Heckler's eight-term tenure in Congress came to an end. And John Florescu's career as the first political consultant in the age of cable television had begun.

Today, nearly 61 per cent of TV-owning households in America can receive cable; more than half of these actually do receive it. And as cable has grown, so has its potential

Several hundred miles south of Fall River, Massachusetts, and just a stone's throw from Richard Viguerie's massive headquarters in Falls Church, Virginia, sit the tiny offices of Vanguard Communications. Tom Belford, president of Vanguard, arrives for work looking as if he's heading to a protest march. Blue jeans, sandals, and long, straight blond hair give him a decidedly casual air. But don't be fooled.

Mr. Armstrong is a freelance writer who has worked in the cable industry.

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Tom Belford means business, and Tom Belford's business is using cable television to promulgate liberal ideas.

Vanguard Communications produced the Democratic Party's two most visible experiments with cable to date: a two-hour fundraising telethon, on television time donated by cable entrepreneur Ted Turner; and a half-hour fundraising "documentary" on Social Security. Both programs were what John Ehrlichman might describe as "limited, modified" successes. But that hasn't stopped Belford from producing a snow-flurry of memos to the Democratic National Committee (DNC) and various left-wing organizations explaining how cable can raise money and influence voters.

Belford has proven that cable works for "progressive causes" by the successful direct-response ads his company has produced for organizations like Planned Parenthood. A former Carter White House aide, Belford wants to see the Democratic Party get into the act too. His fertile mind has hatched ideas ranging from putting the DNC on CableShop (an advertising service based on viewer-requested commercials) to forming a Democratic Party cable-television network. If Florescu is the foremost practitioner of politics on cable TV, Tom Belford is clearly its foremost philosopher.

So who is cable's foremost politician? The field is still open, but New Jersey's Senator Bill Bradley has the inside track. "Bill Bradley," Tom Belford says with admiration, "runs the Mercedes of video newsletters."

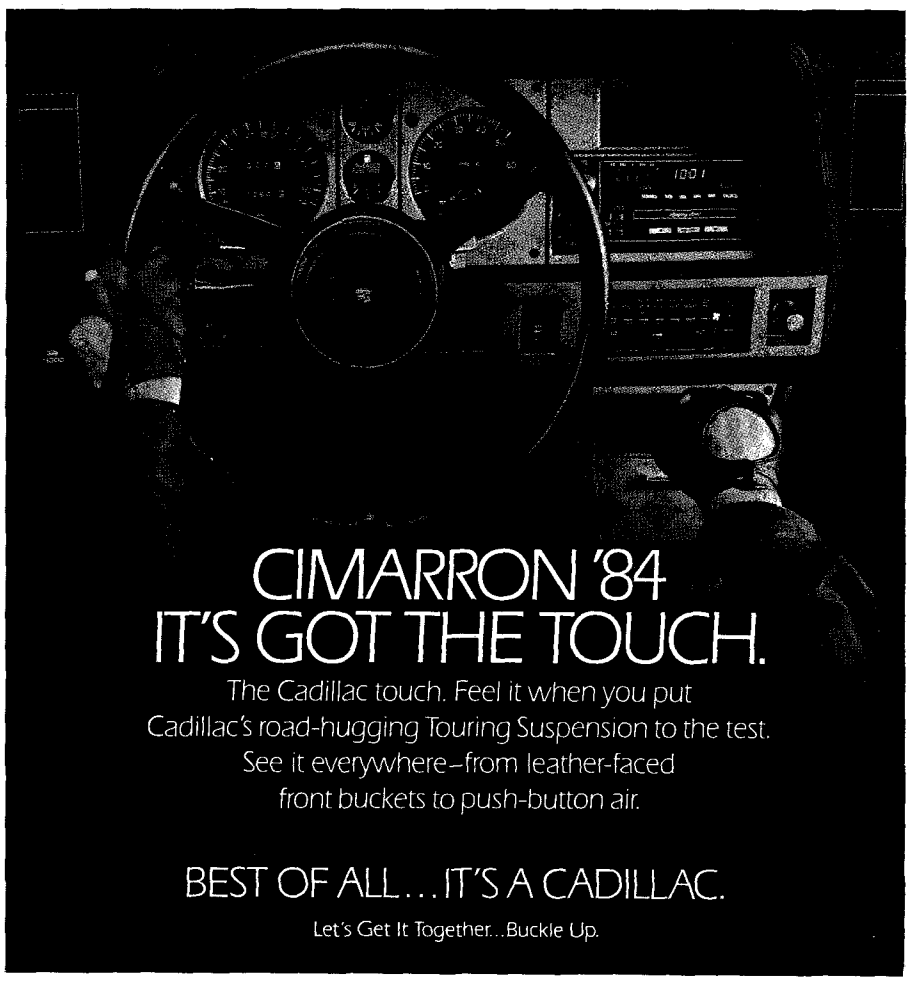
"The content is flexible," says Leslie Devlin, the Bradley aide who produces *New Jersey Now*, "but there are a few constants. We usually begin by having Bill interview an expert on an interesting topic, and then we see how the issue affects New Jersey by talking to some average citizens. We include at least one segment of Bill doing his job, maybe questioning somebody in a committee hearing. And we always try to close with something historical about New Jersey."

But Miss Devlin is far too modest. *New Jersey Now* is a masterly use of cable TV in a state that until recently had not one VHF television station. On *New Jersey Now*, Bradley subtly shifts gears to fulfill every expectation a voter has of his senator: Bradley the Crusader battles the bureaucracy by summoning experts to his office and grilling them with hard-nosed questions; Bradley the Sympathetic Public Servant listens attentively to the concerns of ordinary New Jerseyans; Bradley the Avenger looks down from his perch high in front of the committee room and melts a nervous witness with his withering stare. It's a virtuoso performance. And what makes it possible is that Bill Bradley has the good fortune to have cable TV in his state and the good sense to use it.

TODAY, NEARLY 61 per cent of TV-owning households in America can receive cable; more than half of these actually do receive it. And as cable has grown, so has its potential as an advertising medium.

The cable industry makes no bones about its desire to attract political ads. "Look," says Vince Fazio, vice president of the Cabletelevision Advertising Bureau, "cable advertising is in its infancy. We can't afford to overlook any market." Both Fazio's organization and the National Cable Television Association have published pamphlets to stimulate political use of cable. But whether the marriage of political advertising and cable TV will last depends far less on how intensely the two industries flirt with each other than on how compatible they are. There are several reasons why this marriage has a good chance of success; foremost among them is cable's unique capacity for targeting.

"Cable advertising will become the MIRV of politics," says Ed Dooley, vice president of the National Cable Television Association, as he spreads the fingers of both hands and lets them fall like missiles from the sky. "You're going to have 'multiple independent re-entry vehicles' for targeting your message to different areas and audiences." Barney Frank's campaign, of course, was the classic example of Dooley's MIRVs at work, because Frank's ads were targeted in two ways: geographically and demographically. Florescu had determined that the key to beating Mrs. Heckler was Fall River, so he took direct aim on the town with cable TV instead of wasting money on broadcasting from


CIMARRON '84
IT'S GOT THE TOUCH.
The Cadillac touch. Feel it when you put
Cadillac's road-hugging Touring Suspension to the test.
See it everywhere–from leather-faced
front buckets to push-button air.
BEST OF ALL...IT'S A CADILLAC.
Let's Get It Together...Buckle Up.

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Boston or Providence. And once he determined that the key to winning Fall River was its Portuguese community, he capitalized on a programming opportunity that simply didn't exist on broadcast television: namely, the Portuguese Channel.

The advantages of geographic targeting are obvious—perhaps painfully obvious to a candidate like John Dearie, a Bronx Assemblyman who ran for New York Comptroller in 1981. Dearie spent $200,000 on New York City broadcast television. He lost. But voters on the other side of the Hudson loved his commercials, and polls consistently showed him running well in the race for governor of New Jersey.

"Right now," says Florescu, "a candidate from New York City is sending his message to Plainfield, New Jersey, and Westport, Connecticut. What's worse, he's paying for the privilege. It doesn't make sense." What does make sense for such a candidate is cable. "A candidate using cable," says Fazio, "knows that whoever is watching is someone who can vote for him. The candidate gets more bang for his bucks."

What politicians really find beguiling about the cable viewer, however, is not where he is, but who he is. Research shows the cable subscriber is more affluent, more educated, even more likely to be a registered voter than his neighbors who watch regular TV. The mere fact that he pays his cable bill every month is taken by some to mean he's more responsible than the average citizen.

But the greatest appeal of cable television for politicians is its ability to divide audiences into precise target markets. By its very nature, broadcasting strives for mass appeal. Cable programs, by contrast, try to serve a narrower and more specifically defined audience. Politicians who want to assemble a coalition of demographic groups will use cable to tailor their message the same way they currently use direct mail. "It's not how many are watching," Florescu says, "but *who* is watching that matters."

Price also matters, especially to typically hard-up politicians, and cable TV may be the best bargain in advertising media since the invention of the matchbook cover. A 60-second commercial on some cable stations sells for as little as $1. Barney Frank's entire Fall River campaign, for example, including everything from videotape to John Florescu's consulting fee, cost less than $10,000. Even the bargain-basement quality of cable ads can be a political asset, in terms of greater credibility than their slick Madison Avenue counterparts may have.

Tom Belford's Planned Parenthood commercials certainly didn't come from Madison Avenue. In one, an emergency-room doctor talks about his experiences with women who were victims of crude illegal abortions or desperate attempts to perform abortions on themselves. Broadcast stations refused to air the commercial, but Belford had no such problem with cable. The commercials ran, and they worked. On the other side of the fence, the National Conservative Political Action Committee (NCPAC) had a similar experience in its campaign against Congressman Jim Jones (D., Okla.). Every broadcast station in Oklahoma told NCPAC to take its ads elsewhere. So it did—to Tulsa Cable. But while NCPAC sulked about having to resort to cable—and eventually canceled the campaign against Jones—Belford reacted like Br'er Rabbit in the brier patch.

The GOP may have the most to gain, but the Democrats may reach the promised land first. A look at the history and direction of the cable-television industry discloses some distinct advantages for liberals

The NCPAC and Planned Parenthood stories illustrate a fundamental advantage of cable TV for political advertising: It offers more freedom. In principle, the FCC has applied the *same laws of fairness and equal time* to cable that it applies to broadcasting. In practice, these laws are much more loosely enforced. And as Belford puts it, "Cable operators are far more 'culturally inclined' than broadcasters to accept controversial material."

They are also more inclined to let advertisers break out of the rigid formats of broadcasting. Candidates advertising on cable need not confine their message to the 15-, 30-, or 60-second boundaries of broadcast television. Tom Belford's fundraising commercials for Planned Parenthood were two minutes long, Florescu's Fall River "town meetings" each lasted half an hour, and Belford's mini-telethon for the DNC weighed in at two hours. The low cost of cable time and the scarcity of advertising and programming make such unusual lengths possible. Nothing warms a cable operator's heart like hearing bright ideas for programs or long-form advertising.

Congressman Jim Wright had a bright idea when he canceled a scheduled appearance on ABC's *Good Morning America* in favor of an hour-long interview on C-Span, the cable network dedicated to public affairs and live coverage of the House of Representatives. According to a C-Span staff member, ABC repeatedly called the Majority Leader to shave seconds off his time on the show. At the point where three minutes had been whittled down to one, Wright told ABC to forget it; he would do the C-Span interview instead. By doing so, he drastically cut the size of his audience, but he enhanced the "quality" of that audience, and he increased the amount of time he could spend with it.

There's a word for what Congressman Wright was doing, a word becoming increasingly common among political professionals as the use of cable's different formats has grown. The word is "bypassing." And if you wonder why you haven't read more about "bypassing" in the press, the reason is simple: The press is the one being "bypassed."

"When we don't have to go through you bastards," said John Kennedy to Ben Bradlee after one of his first nationally televised speeches, "we can really get the story to the American people." But the fledgling broadcast-television format Kennedy used so brilliantly in the early Sixties was just the start of a new way to circumvent the print media. Kennedy could scarcely have imagined what is possible today.

"Look at what happens when a presidential candidate gives a speech nowadays," says Ed Dooley of the National Cable Television Association. "Let's say the speech gets one minute on network news. Well, first you see

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him get off the plane and shake hands with the crowd. Then there's the motorcade into town. Now, maybe a voice-over tells you what the speech was about. Finally, if you're lucky, you get to hear about ten seconds of the candidate actually talking. Don't you suppose there was more than ten seconds of important stuff in that speech? Well, in the future, the candidate will tape the speech himself, and he'll 'uplink' it to a satellite. Local news stations around the country will pick out things of local interest, and cable stations will probably play the whole thing. In the future, a candidate will cover his own campaign."

Republicans outsmarted Democrats when it came to covering President Reagan's State of the Union address. The Democrats reserved half an hour on all three networks and produced a lavish response to the President's speech. Meanwhile, the Senate Republican Conference produced a special version of its project, Operation Uplink, in which thirty GOP senators and several Cabinet members recorded 60-second reactions to the speech on videotape. The tapes were beamed up to the satellite and "downlinked" by broadcasters and cable operators in each senator's home state at a cost of only fifteen hundred dollars.

Generally speaking, Republicans have "bypassed" the press through satellite technology with more skill than Democrats. "The Republican Party has the most to gain from this technology," says conservative political consultant Eddie Mahe, "because there's a proven liberal bias in the media. After all, that's one of the reasons conservatives developed direct mail. 'Narrowcasting' on cable can give us another direct channel to the people."

THE GOP MAY HAVE the most to gain, but with Belford and Florescu leading the charge, the Democrats may reach the promised land first. "There is no John Florescu on our side," laments Eddie Mahe. What's worse, a look at the history and direction of the cable-television industry discloses some distinct advantages for liberals.

Cable TV was invented in 1948 by a man who had nothing more profound on his mind than a desire to catch the latest episode of *I Love Lucy*. As far as Ed Parsons of Astoria, Oregon, was concerned, cable TV was just a community antenna, a way of improving reception in isolated towns. As a result, of the 12 million people who had cable by 1975, most were rural or small-town, Western, and probably Republican. But in 1975, a company called Home Box Office began distributing recent motion pictures over satellite to cable subscribers for a monthly fee. Suddenly, everybody wanted cable, whether he had poor reception or not. Of the sixty million homes expected to have cable by 1990, many will be urban or suburban, Eastern, and probably Democratic.

But where the wires are going may not be as important as where the industry itself is heading. In recent months, the cable-television industry has decided it needs to revamp its own image, and industry leaders want to position cable to attract the so-called "light TV viewer." Cable executives are studying a promotional campaign created by United Cable in Denver that lifted subscription rates by 3 per cent using slogans like "Television for people who don't like television," and "The less you like TV, the more you should join the United family." This spring the Council for Cable Information will unveil an industry-wide image-building campaign expected to whistle a similar tune.

Such projects reveal a concerted effort by the cable industry to attract what George Wallace used to call "the pointy-heads." Not surprisingly, Vanguard Communications' research on donors to progressive causes shows that "when compared to nonsubscribers, cable viewers tend to be not only higher in income, but also better informed, more active, and more participant."

"Cable," Belford concludes, "is just a good way to reach liberal donors."

But the main reason cable gives an edge to Democrats has to do with the way Democrats run their campaigns. After all, who can remember when the Democratic Party actually stood for something? It remains powerful because its candidates have mastered the use of "coalition politics."

When it comes to coalition politics,

(Continues on page 64)

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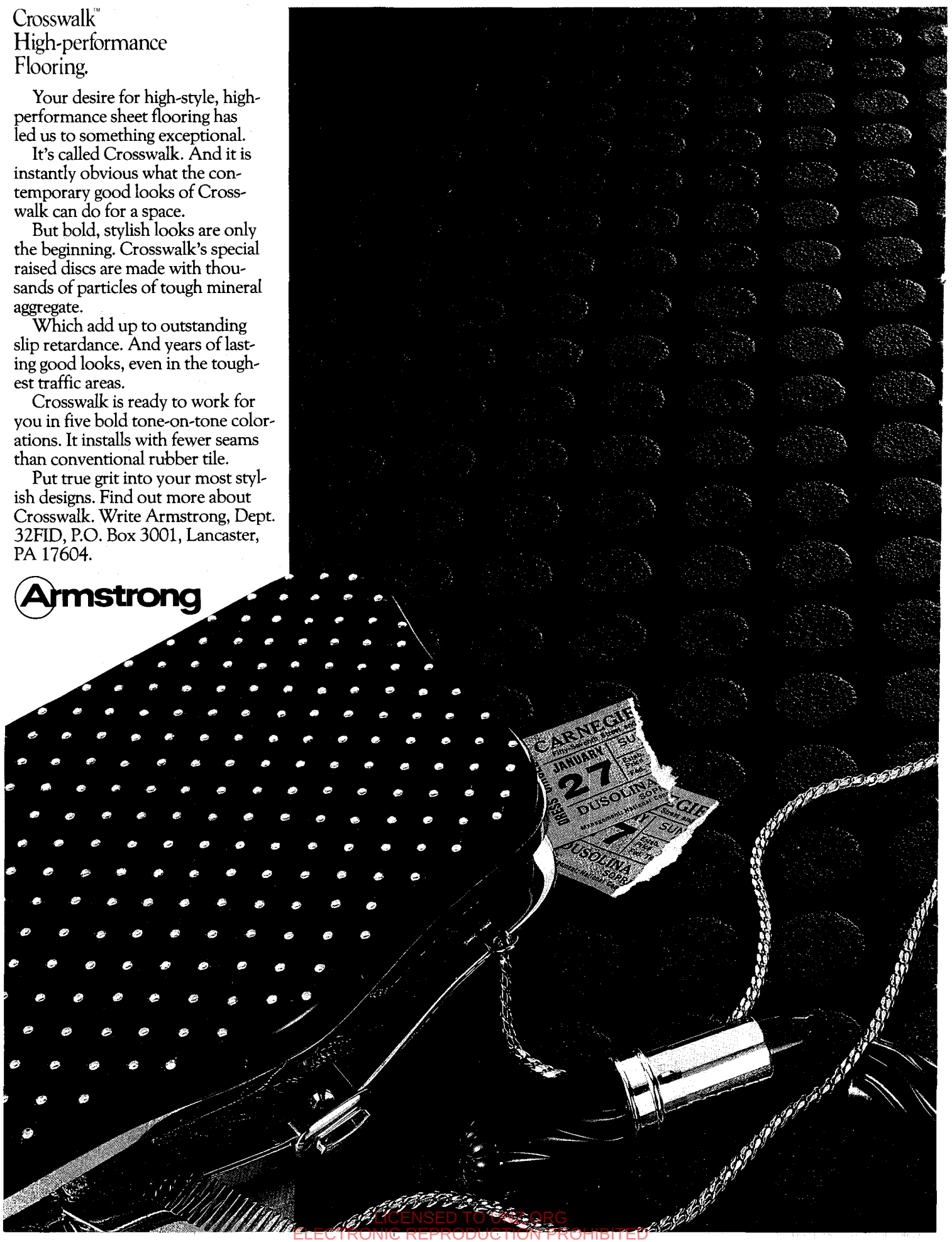

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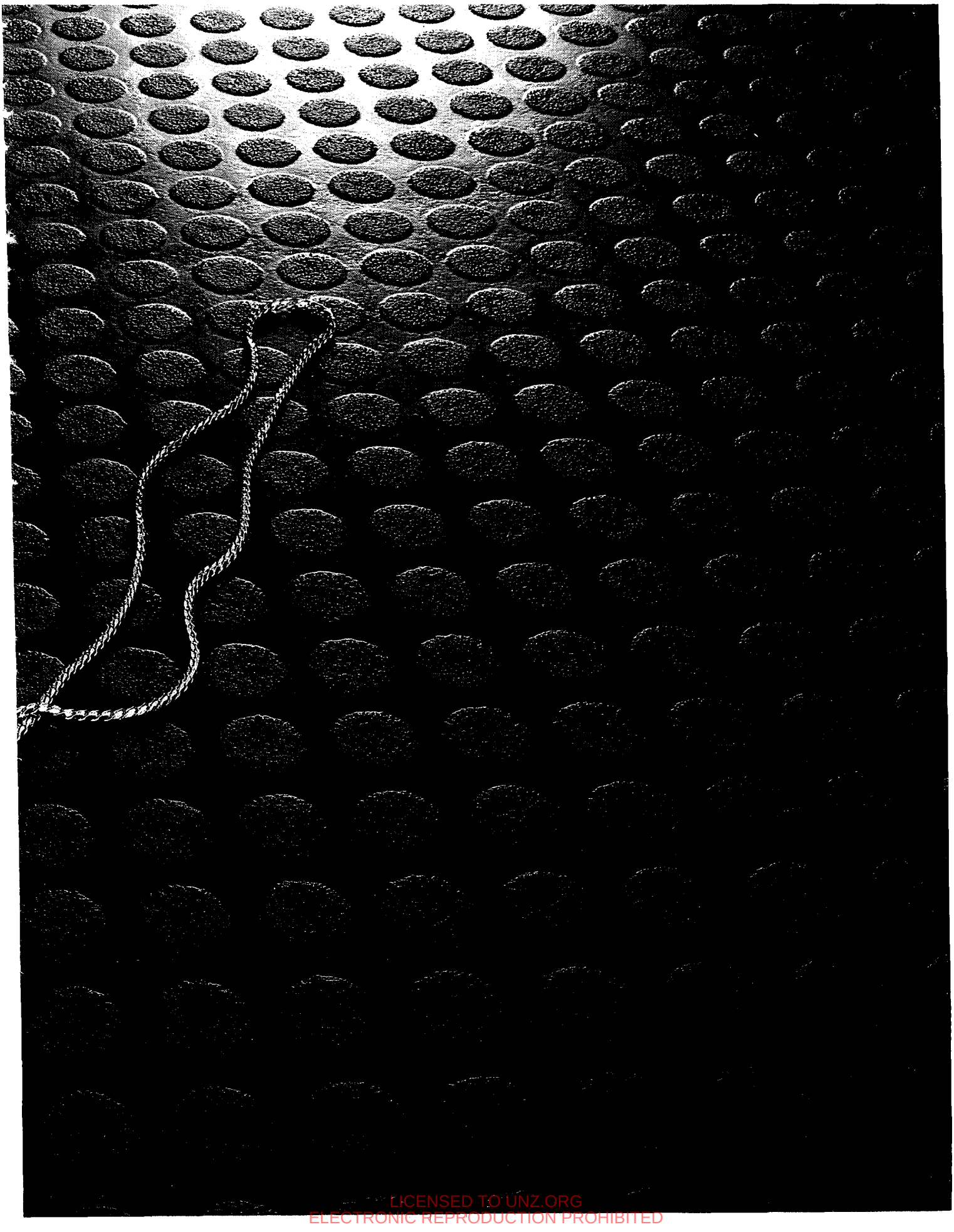

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READ IT AND WEEP

A FEW YEARS AGO the Secretary of the Treasury announced that a number of people with incomes of more than $1 million a year had managed to pay no federal income tax at all by making use of the many exemptions, exclusions, deductions, and credits that had been put into the tax code by successive Congresses.

Most Americans were deeply offended to learn that such people were able to get off scot-free through the use of "tax loopholes." This led to efforts in 1969 and 1976 to eliminate such loopholes and make the rich pay more taxes. Although many of the most egregious tax loopholes were ultimately closed, many low- and middle-income Americans still suspect that the wealthy are not paying their fair share of the income-tax burden.

In fact, the evidence shows that, if anything, the wealthy are probably paying *more* than their fair share. According to the Tax Foundation, the highest 10 per cent of taxpayers, ranked according to income, paid 48 per cent of all federal income taxes in 1981. (This group consists of taxpayers with reported incomes of more than $38,773 per year; they paid an average tax of $14,519.) The Tax Foundation also reports that the top 50 per cent of taxpayers paid 92.6 per cent of all federal income taxes in 1981. (This includes all taxpayers with incomes above $14,029.) Thus, the bottom 50 per cent of taxpayers paid just 7.4 per cent of all federal income taxes.

Interestingly, the trend has been upward, despite charges that the rich have received massive tax cuts. In 1971, for example, the upper 10 per cent of taxpayers paid 46.5 per cent of all taxes, while the upper half paid 91.1 per cent. Thus, over that ten-year period, taxes on the wealthy increased while taxes on the less well-off declined.

But couldn't these figures mean that it's the upper-middle-income taxpayers who are paying all this tax money, while the really wealthy coast? No. Of course, there are bound to be individual exceptions; but as a group those earning more than $1 million per year paid an average federal income tax of $913,203 in 1981, or 60 per cent of their taxable income.

Nevertheless, many continue to advocate higher tax rates for the rich, either as a matter of equity or because they believe it will allow for lower taxes for the less wealthy. In fact, if all taxpayers with incomes above $51,250 in 1980 had been taxed at a rate of 100 per cent on their income above this amount, it would have yielded barely enough revenue to run the U.S. Government for eight days.

Unfortunately, this preoccupation with trying to "soak the rich" has serious consequences for the average person. The most important of these is that with tax rates that rise with one's income—"progressive" tax rates—the effect of inflation and real growth in the economy is to bump middle-class taxpayers into tax brackets once reserved for the rich.

According to the Internal Revenue Service, a family earning $14,289 in 1950 would have needed $45,000 in 1980 to have the same purchasing power. However, the 1950 family would have paid an average federal income tax of 18 per cent, compared to 23 per cent for the 1980 family. And—an even more important point—each additional dollar earned by the 1950 family would have been taxed at 26 per cent, whereas each additional dollar earned by the 1980 family would have been taxed at 43 per cent.

Many economists now believe that these high marginal tax rates—the tax on each additional dollar earned—are responsible for the low rates of saving, investment, and productivity growth in the United States. They point out that in 1961 only 12 per cent of all taxpayers paid marginal tax rates above 22 per cent. By 1979, 65 per cent of all taxpayers paid marginal tax rates above 20 per cent and 18 per cent paid marginal rates above 31 per cent. This means that the incentive to work was substantially reduced, because Uncle Sam got a higher and higher proportion of any additional income. During this same period, U.S. productivity growth, investment, and competitiveness all declined. By contrast, Japan, which has the lowest rate of taxation of any industrialized country, has continued to grow at a rapid rate.

One consequence of this rising burden of taxation has been the growth of the so-called underground economy—economic activity that avoids taxation. This includes workers who work for cash in order to avoid reporting income to the IRS, businessmen who skim cash off the top of their sales, and investors who fail to report interest, capital gains, and other sorts of income on which the tax is not automatically withheld. Some estimates put the size of this underground economy at hundreds of billions of dollars. Recent research, however, implies that a 10 per cent across-the-board reduction in income-tax rates could reduce underreporting of income to the IRS by as much as 26 per cent, as the savings from tax evasion would no longer outweigh the risk for many people.

This suggests that one way to increase the Federal Government's revenue—as many people believe we must, in order to reduce budget deficits—would be to lower tax rates. This would reduce tax cheating and increase the incentive for individuals to save, invest, and work, thereby expanding national income and allowing more revenue

Until recently, Mr. Bartlett was executive director of the Joint Economic Committee of Congress. He is now a vice president of Polyconomics, a consulting firm in Morristown, New Jersey.

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to be obtained even with lower rates. In other words, it could work for the government the same way it does for a businessman who is able to increase his profits by lowering prices and increasing sales.

This paradoxical notion is illustrated by some examples from U.S. history. In the 1920s federal income-tax rates were cut sharply—the top rate fell from 73 per cent in 1921 to 25 per cent in 1926. During this time the amount of taxes paid by those earning less than $10,000 per year fell by 79 per cent. But the amount of taxes paid by those earning more than $100,000 increased by 86 per cent. In 1921 the $100,000-and-up group paid just 28 per cent of total income taxes; by 1926 it was paying more than 50 per cent. In short, the result of a tax cut was that the rich paid more.

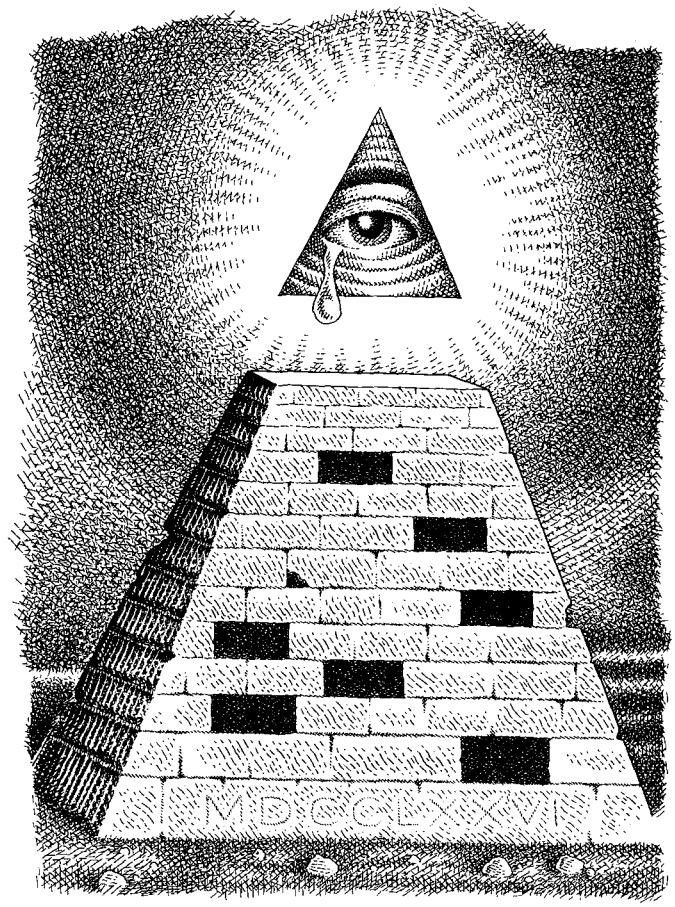
By contrast, a major tax increase in 1932 reduced the share of taxes paid by the rich. Even though the maximum effective tax rate for those earning $300,000 or more increased from 25 per cent in 1931 to 63 per cent in 1932, the share of total income taxes paid by this group fell from 23.5 per cent to 18.4 per cent. Meanwhile, the share of total income taxes paid by those earning less than $25,000 rose from 21 per cent to 36.5 per cent. The total amount of taxes paid by the $25,000-or-less group actually increased by 160 per cent.

Again in the mid-1960s, a tax cut led to an increase in taxes collected from the rich. Between 1963 and 1965 the top tax rate fell from 91 per cent to 70 per cent. Yet the total amount of tax revenue obtained from the wealthiest 5 per cent of all taxpayers increased by 8 per cent and the share of all taxes paid by this group increased from 36 per cent of the total to 39 per cent.

Then in 1969 Congress decided to double the tax rate on capital gains—a form of income that largely goes to those with higher incomes. Capital-gains tax revenue fell to almost nothing. In 1978 Congress reversed itself and cut the capital-gains tax rate in half. The result: a sharp increase in capital-gains tax revenue to the government—virtually all of it paid by the wealthy.

EVIDENCE FROM foreign countries also confirms this experience, as shown by a recent study done for the World Bank by economist Keith Marsden. Marsden's technique is to select a sampling of countries with a variety of per-capita incomes, half of them with ratios of tax revenues to gross domestic product (GDP) below the average for their income group during the 1970s, half of them with tax/GDP ratios above the average. The selected countries were grouped into ten pairs, each pair having similar income levels but contrasting tax levels. Their growth rates over the last decade were then compared. Thus, for example, we find Malawi (low-tax) compared to Zaire (high-tax), Cameroon (low-tax) compared to Liberia (high-tax), and Thailand (low-tax) compared to Zambia (high-tax). Marsden concluded that

> in all cases, the countries that imposed a lower effective average tax burden on their populations achieved substantially higher real rates of growth of gross domestic product than did their more highly taxed counterparts. The average (unweighted) annual rate of growth of GDP was 7.3 per cent in the low-tax group and 1.1 per cent in the high-tax group. . . . Every member of the low-tax category, including three from Africa (Malawi, Mauritius, and Cameroon), exceeded the economic growth of the most rapidly expanding economy (Peru) in the high-tax category.



Marsden then went on to demonstrate a Laffer Curve effect, i.e., lower tax rates leading to increased revenue. As he put it,

> Higher rates of economic growth allowed a substantial rise in real living standards in the low-tax countries, shown by their higher levels of private consumption. At the same time, growth expanded the tax base and generated increased revenues, which financed more rapid expansion of expenditure on government services such as defense, health, and education in all low-tax countries except in the Paraguay/Peru pairing.

Lastly, Marsden points out—contrary to conventional wisdom—that increased growth in the low-tax countries was achieved without reducing the share of income going to the poor.

> Available data on income distribution seem to refute the argument that countries with high taxes are more equitable than those with low ones. The share of the poorest 40 per cent of households in total income remained relatively high in five fast-growing low-tax countries: Japan, the Republic of Korea, Malawi, Spain, and Thailand, ranging between 16.9 per cent and 21.5 per cent. In the U.S. it was 15.2 per cent in 1972.

This last point will probably be the hardest for liberals to accept, their belief being that tax cuts must necessarily hurt the poor by reducing government services and income-redistribution efforts. Indeed, high, progressive income-tax rates are usually recommended by development specialists as being essential to economic growth in developing coun-

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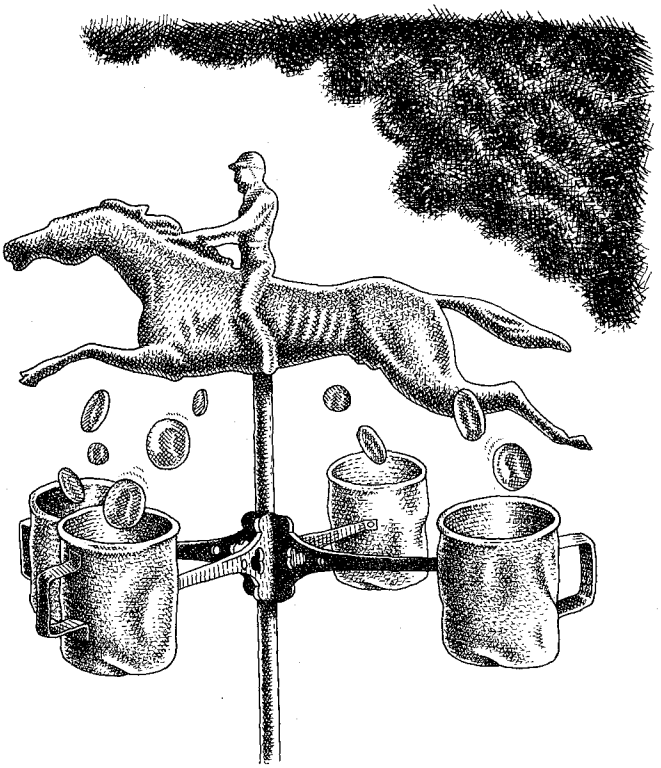
tries. As one such "specialist," Barbara Ward, once said, "No nation has even halfway peacefully entered the modern world without a progressive income tax."

However, additional evidence supporting the Marsden view can be found in Hong Kong, which was recently examined by economists Steven Chow and Gustav Papanek; their report was published in the prestigious British publication *The Economic Journal* (June 1981). Although Hong Kong has an extremely low rate of taxation—approximately 15 per cent for all income classes—and virtually nonexistent government services, plus one of the highest rates of population growth on earth, the share of income going to the poor has actually increased. As Chow and Papanek found:

> The real income of the poorest 10 per cent increased 150 per cent and of the poorest 20 per cent more than doubled in the roughly two decades between 1957 and 1976. For the next 40 per cent, the poor majority, real income quadrupled over the same period. Over the decade 1966-76 . . . the real income of the poorest 10 per cent more than doubled, of the poorest 20 per cent increased over 40 per cent, and of the next 40 per cent more than doubled. Whatever years are compared the conclusion is the same: Even the poorest of the poor—presumably recent immigrants or handicapped families—saw their real income rise about 4 per cent a year and those slightly less poor by 7 per cent a year.

In their conclusion, Chow and Papanek pound home their finding that Hong Kong achieved greater income equality precisely because of the absence of high taxes and high levels of government spending and government regulation:

> As far as one can determine . . . growth benefited the lower-income groups more than the rich. The principal reason was the labor-intensive nature of production. In Hong Kong, the epitome of the open economy, the economists' injunction to "get prices right" was automatically obeyed. As a result investment inevitably was in activities and methods that used a great deal of the cheap factor—labor—and conserved scarce capital, in manufacturing for export to the world market. Labor was relatively cheap not only because it was abundant as a result of the migration from the agricultural hinterland in China, but also because food prices are kept low by inexpensive imports and workers' protective legislation was essentially absent. . . .
>
> Relative prices not only encouraged labor intensity in general, they also encouraged a heavy use of unskilled labor in particular. The result was an especially rapid expansion in the 1960s of industries that used mostly unskilled labor. Consequently, the wages of unskilled workers rose more rapidly than those of skilled labor, doubling between 1959 and 1969 and increasing by over a third from 1969 to 1977. . . .
>
> In short, over the past two decades Hong Kong has made remarkable strides in improving the absolute income of all groups in the population by relying on the classical private-enterprise formula of rapid growth based on inexpensive labor.



Such evidence, coming on top of a general frustration with complicated tax laws and a perception that the tax burden is unevenly distributed, has led some to advocate a complete overhaul of the tax system. Among proposals being studied by the Treasury Department are a consumption tax, which would tax expenditures rather than income, and some form of "flat-rate" tax, which would eliminate many tax exemptions and deductions while reducing tax rates.

THE PROBLEM with all such proposals is that they will alter the status quo. Now, that may seem to be the point, not the problem. However, it will inevitably require some taxpayers to pay more taxes than they do now, even though the overall tax burden will not rise because others will pay less. And even for those who will not actually pay more, it may require a complete reorganization of their financial planning. For example, without the deduction for mortgage interest it would be much more costly to own a home than to rent one. An elimination of this deduction, in other words, would favor renters at the expense of homeowners.

This raises an important problem: How do you simplify the tax code by eliminating tax deductions when vast numbers of taxpayers have planned their lives on the basis of such deductions? Sixty-three per cent of the tax savings from the mortgage-interest deduction go to taxpayers with incomes between $20,000 and $50,000. It would be a very brave (or foolish) politician indeed who would suggest eliminating a deduction so important to so many Middle Americans. Yet, unless those in power are willing to attack such deductions there is really no hope for comprehensive tax reform.

It may be that the best we can hope to do is prevent the tax burden from rising—which is essentially all that the 1981 tax cut did for most Americans—while continuing to "tinker" with the tax code so as to reduce some of the complexity, distortions, and excessive burdens on various forms of income. However, history suggests that if we are bold enough to press forward and achieve meaningful tax reform—reform that lowers rates and broadens the tax base—the economic benefits could be enormous. The two most prosperous periods in twentieth-century American history both followed significant tax cuts, while some of our worst times came when tax rates were rising. It may be a gamble worth taking. □

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hel!!!

Let the Titans Contend

When Zeus and Hera had a spat
On Mount Olympus, Greeks, who sat
As spellbound audience below,
Dissected each titanic blow.
Though Fritz and Gary may believe
Their show would rival Christmas Eve,
Each time they parry or rebut
Reminds me more of Lilliput.

W. H. von Dreele

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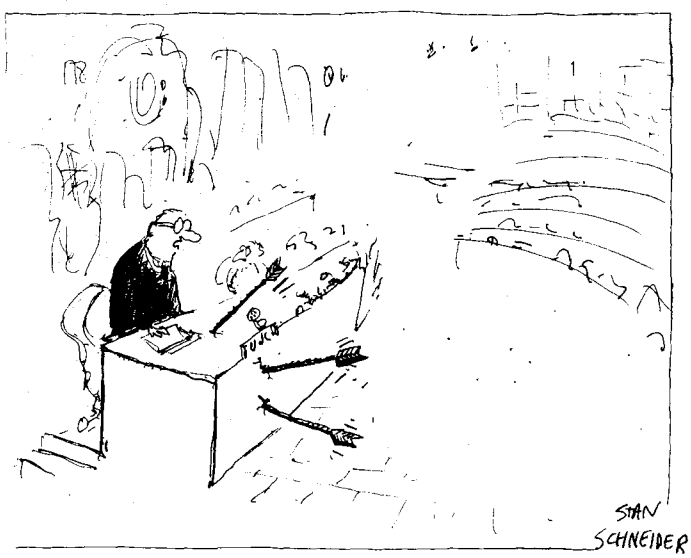
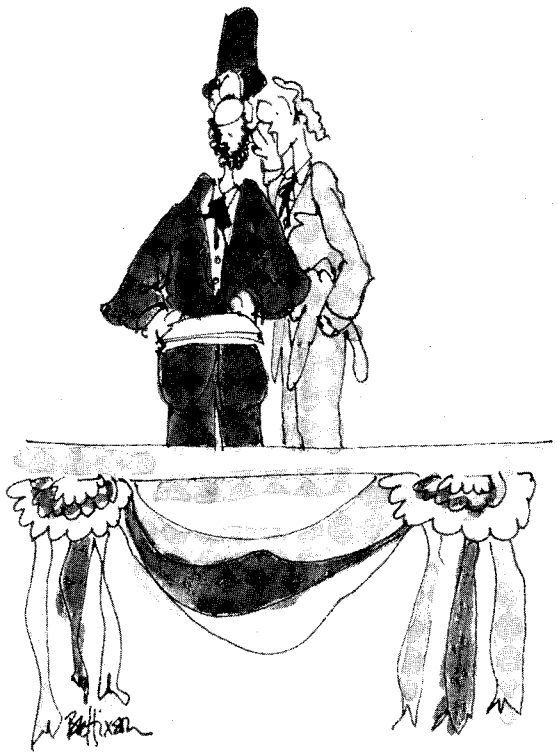


"The floor recognizes the delegate from Zambotzia."



"Beg pardon, sir, but it's four score and six."

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THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MONDALE

"SURE, WALTER, you're in front now, but for how long? The public perceives you as dull, drab, and blah. You come over like a slice of day-old pizza. You need color: the vigor and innovative freshness of Gary Hart, the charisma of Jesse Jackson . . . yes, even the wit and boyish charm of Ronald Reagan."

With the words of his campaign strategist echoing gloomily in his ears, Walter Mondale went to his hotel room and prepared for his nightly shower.

"Bah," he said, getting into the shower stall. "I can be as vigorous and innovative as Gary Hart any day. I can . . ." He turned the handle of the shower and a tingle of excitement swept over him as the water coursed down his body. He began to scrub vigorously. . . .

. . . Vigorously turning his rugged profile toward the audience, young Gary Mondale flashed a firm, yet modest, smile at the hosts of youthful voters surrounding the platform. Television cameras rolled in the background. A bevy of reporters scribbled rapidly in their notebooks. "Gary," one of the reporters said, "the opposition claims your campaign lacks substance, that you're trading on youth, vigor, innovation. How do you answer that?"

Turning his rugged jaw from side to side before the cameras, Gary Mondale let a faint smile play over his features for a second or two. "How do I answer that?" the youthful candidate cried, dropping down suddenly and doing a few pushups. "I'll tell you how I answer that: I say Innovation, New Ideas, New Beginnings." Leaping up suddenly, he balanced himself on his fingers in a handstand. "Take the question of disarmament. I say Fresh Approach." A cheer sprang up from a thousand adolescent throats.

"And I'll tell you something else," the young candidate continued, suavely turning a couple of backflips. "We need to Press On. We need to Move Ahead. On questions like the economy, taxes, prayer in the schools, we need Originality, Resurgence, Creativity, Nonconformity . . . even Abnormality." The cheering was unbelievable. "And if that isn't substance, would you like to see me do a somersault?"

"Charisma!" Mondale snorted as he emerged dripping from the shower. "I've got as much charisma as Jesse Jackson. Why, I can sway vast crowds of people . . ." He took a large, white bath towel from the rack and began to slap himself rhythmically. . . .

. . . The clapping and chanting continued, and above the uproar could be heard the charismatic voice of the Rev. Jesse Mondale leading the refrain: "I AM . . . SOMEBODY." The vast assemblage of black folk, working-class people, Hispanics, and other minority groups swayed in unison before the electrifying gestures of their leader.

Suddenly, the cheering crowd was plunged into silence. A tall, ominous figure, dressed from head to foot in white robes, had pushed his way forward. "Now you listen to me, boy," the Klansman shouted. "Folks roun' heah don't cotton to yo' kind. Go on back Nawth where you . . ." With a sudden charismatic reflex, the Rev. Jesse Mondale sprang from the platform and confronted the white-robed Klansman. With thought-defying speed, Mondale's right hand shot out, catching the miscreant squarely on the point of the jaw. Then, leaping charismatically, he returned to the platform as the crowd went wild.

When he had finished drying off, Mondale picked up his electric toothbrush and plugged it in. "Dull, eh? Well, I'll show them. I can be as funny as Ronald Reagan. Why, I'll . . ." He turned on the toothbrush and listened to its soothing buzz. . . .

. . . The buzz of the audience subsided before the banging of Dan Rather's gavel. The final moments of the Great Debate were ticking away as Ronnie Mondale, a boyish smile playing over his features, gazed across the platform at his Republican opponent. The poor guy looked pale, shaken, and confused. The constant thrust and parry of Ronnie Mondale's famous wit had rendered him nearly speechless. "And now, gentlemen," Dan Rather was saying with characteristic intensity, "we are ready for the summing up. Each of you will have sixty seconds. Mr. Mondale, you are first."

Mondale gazed out over the vast sea of faces, bent his head slightly, and flashed his modest smile. "Well sir," he said, "those of us who have managed to stay awake through my opponent's harangue have heard him promise us balanced budgets, clean air and water, a space station on Mars, and two tickets to the Super Bowl for every family." The audience tittered slightly. "Well sir, such empty promises make me feel like the optimistic little boy . . ." he paused dramatically "who was running through some empty stables yelling, 'With all this manure around, I know there's got to be a pony somewhere!' "

A ripple of laughter arose from the vast audience, grew in intensity, and reverberated until it seemed that the very walls were shaking. Dan Rather was banging his gavel, but was laughing too hard himself to go on. Meanwhile, across the stage, the Republican opponent clutched at his throat, made a few convulsive gestures, and fainted dead away. □

Mr. Varnado is an authority on the politics of abnormality.

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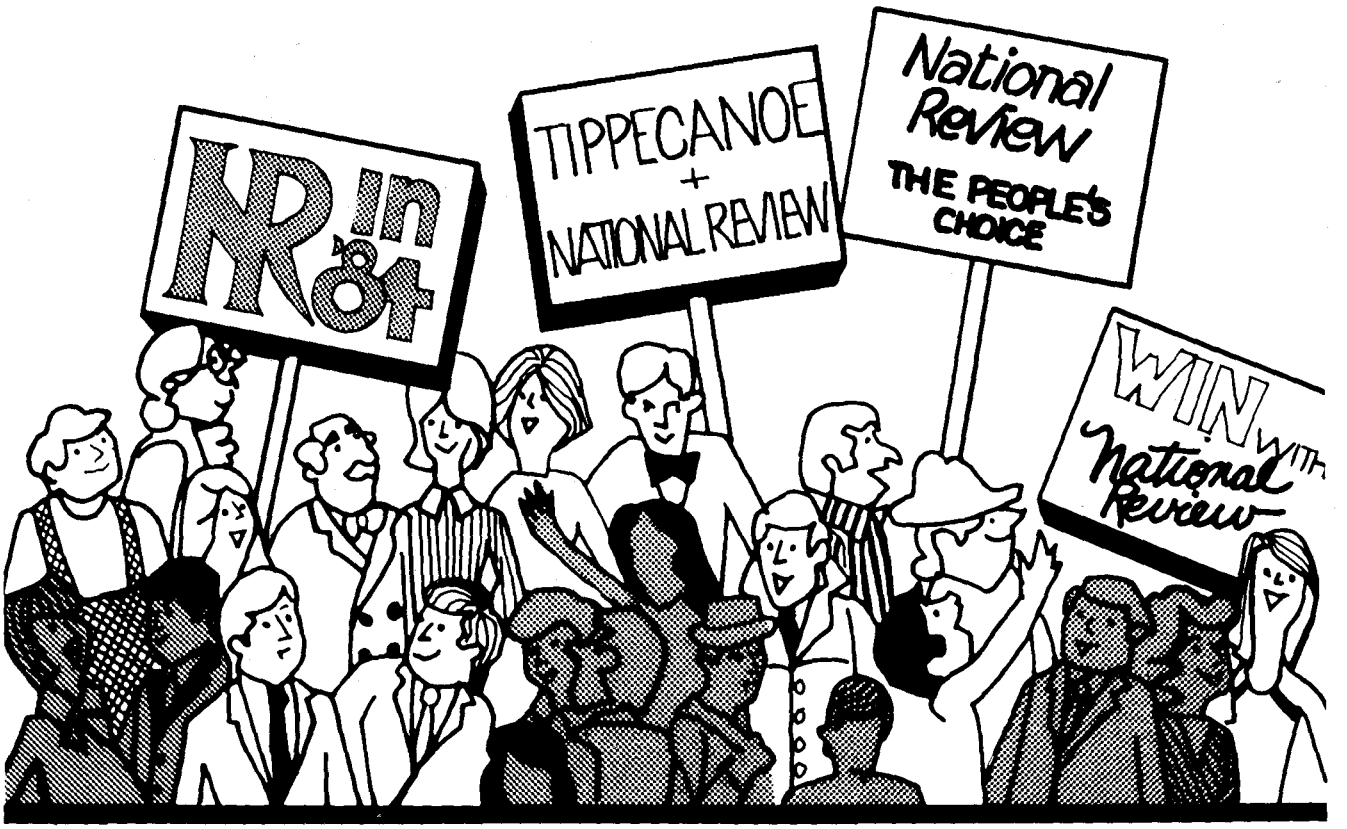

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ABROAD

ZURICH *Whirligig*

Not so long ago, European bankers, and their governments, were blaming their countries' economic troubles on the unbridled rise of the dollar in the world's money markets. If only, they argued, the dollar could be curbed by a firm hand in Washington, could be brought into a saner relation to other currencies, then European inflation would decline, industrial production would right itself, and the flight of capital toward high American interest rates would abate and finally cease. This was the position repeatedly advanced by the Europeans, most notably at the economic summit at Williamsburg last year. Now the tide has turned and the dollar is falling—not yet very far or very fast, but it has retreated, for instance, from the "threshold" exchange level of 2.60 West German marks and seems to be set for a steady downhill course. [See "Taxation, Inflation, and Money," by Tom Bethell, p. 23.] This is at any rate the opinion of the financial markets, which see in the fall of the dollar the same presages they attached to its rise, especially inflationary pressures and high interest rates. The decline of the dollar, in short, is being greeted here with the same dismay that accompanied its unchecked upward march over the past three years. All this is another way of saying that the economic health of the United States remains the absolute measure of everyone else's well-being. In their anxiety, however, Europeans sometimes stretch their logic too far. They are given to speculating freely on the political consequences of particular developments on the American economic scene, and are even saying now, for instance, that a collapse of the dollar would catapult a Democrat (just at present, Senator Hart) into the White House with unforeseeable consequences for American foreign policy. For if American economics are often a mystery to the European observer, at least in the short term, the same is true, *a fortiori*, for American politics.

NEW DELHI *A Few for the Seesaw*

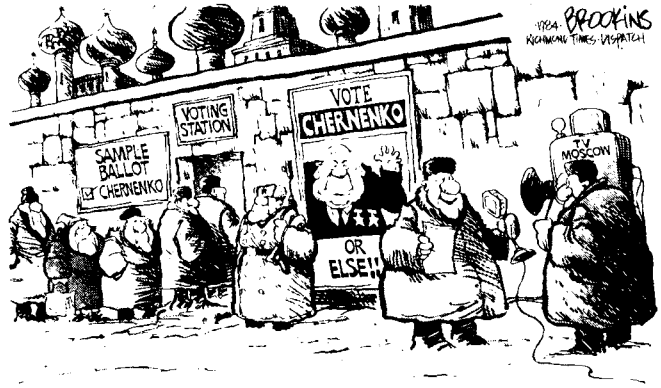
Marshal Dmitri Ustinov, Soviet defense minister and one of the most powerful men in the Kremlin, has just spent a week in the Indian capital to underline the importance Moscow attaches to its role in the Asian subcontinent. In case there was any doubt about this importance, Ustinov was accompanied by an entourage of sixty officials including Admiral Sergei Gorshkov, chief of the Soviet navy; it was the first such visit abroad by Soviet figures of this rank since Konstantin Chernenko assumed power. As usual, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, the Indian prime minister, used the occasion to ride her own particular seesaw between East and West. Although the Indian armed forces are firmly committed to Soviet equipment across the board, Mrs. Gandhi has shown interest in acquiring some sophisticated components from Western Europe for the construction of a new Indian fighter aircraft. This point was brought to Marshal Ustinov's attention, as well as a recent rapprochement between India and Pakistan over the Soviet position in Afghanistan. Another point that could not very well be avoided was the fact that the United States has now replaced the Soviet Union as India's principal trading partner, leaving aside the rather considerable area of defense supply.

BUDAPEST *Westpolitik*

The recent visit of Margaret Thatcher, the first ever to Hungary by a British prime minister, following that of Vice President Bush last fall, has brought new expectations to the leading "independent" of the Soviet bloc. Not that the Hungarians want their own liberal economic policies and relative prosperity to be contrasted too publicly with conditions in other Eastern satellites. They know better than to boast of their lot. The Hungarian Communist boss, Janos Kadar, is still the same man who was installed as the Soviet puppet after the tragic uprising in Budapest was crushed by Red Army tanks almost thirty years ago. But, as Western visitors to Budapest know, Hungary has at least part of one foot in the Western economic camp. It joined the IMF recently, for example, and Hungarian tourists are now able to spend hard currency when they travel in Western Europe. Chancellor Helmut Kohl of West Germany, Hungary's number-one Western trading partner, will also be paying a visit to Budapest this year. So will the prime ministers of Italy, Belgium, Sweden, and Norway. None of them is going to suggest any changes in Hungarian foreign policy or in the country's military lineup or anything else that would upset Moscow. The fact that everyone knows this is considered significant enough all by itself.

LONDON *With My Crossbow*

The crossbow as a deadly weapon died out several centuries ago, except for James Bond movies, and the device has since become a collectors' item. Recently a group of crossbows made in the Renaissance was put up for sale here, highly worked instruments inlaid with ivory and brass and rare woods; they sold in the £6,000 to £8,000 ($9,000 to $12,000) range. Still, the crossbow has a more modern ring to it when one remembers it was once considered the ultimate weapon. In 1139, in fact, Pope Innocent II outlawed it as "hateful to God and unfit for Christians." Later this pronouncement was changed to permit its use against Muslims. Still later, Christians used it freely against one another, until finally, like the catapult and the mace before it, the crossbow was made obsolete by still more lethal weapons.



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ON THE SURFACE

Joseph Sobran

Power and History: The Political Thought of James Burnham, by Samuel T. Francis University Press of America, 141 pp., $19.50; paper, $8.50

In 1969 a friend shoved his copy of *Suicide of the West* into my hands. "Read this," he said. "It explains everything that's happened in the last five years."

And everything since. In 1964, when the book appeared, liberalism, as Samuel T. Francis remarks, was enjoying "its most popular, dynamic, and powerful moment." So much so that the book was passed over in contemptuous silence by the great liberal organs. The title sounded shrill, the thesis seemed unduly gloomy, and liberals could almost be excused for ignoring James Burnham's masterpiece. After the sensation of his first book, *The Managerial Revolution* (1941), Burnham became less and less fashionable, and more and more profound. By 1964 the political culture had gone one way and he had gone the other.

He didn't seem to care. I met him when I came to NATIONAL REVIEW in 1972, and I was awed by his absolute indifference to his critics, including one —"that English fellow, what was his name?"

"Not George Orwell," I suggested.

"Yes, Orwell, that's the one," he laughed. To this day I don't know if he was pulling my leg.

Actually, Orwell, after a much-reprinted early attack on Burnham, began to come around, and *Nineteen Eighty-Four* owes a lot to Burnham's vision of the postwar global alignment. But even Orwell never grasped all of Burnham's deeply ironic view of politics and power. Impressed though he was, he mistook the irony for simple cynicism, even as he granted most of its truth.

Francis calls *The Machiavellians* (1943) "Burnham's most important book." At least it is the key to the others, based as it is on the disjunction of "real" and "formal" meanings in political statements. Put simply, "formal" meaning expresses the abstract relation of a proposition to other propositions; "real" meaning is the power function of a proposition. Whatever Marx may have meant by the surplus theory of value, Burnham is interested in the way Communist elites make the idea work for them, as a basis for power and order, as an excuse to wipe out opposition forces, as propaganda. A purely formal system is what Burnham means by an "ideology." But an ideology is typically used successfully by those with an eye for real meaning, whether or not they believe in the formal meaning. That is why Stalin prevailed over Trotsky, and that is what the phrase "liberal hypocrisy" points to. In the terms of recent philosophy, Burnham is interested in "use" rather than "meaning" and specializes in political "language games."

Burnham's central principle is so simple it is confusing to less incisive minds still caught in the tangle of formal meaning. It can be devastatingly reductive, out-Marxing Marx. In polemics like *The Struggle for the World* (1947), Burnham in fact turned his analysis on Communism and its modus operandi, not without a cold admiration for its undistracted mastery of the power-game. "The difference between Gromyko and [Henry] Wallace," he told an interviewer in 1948, "is that Gromyko knows what he's doing." That, for Burnham, is the most fundamental fault-line in politics: the line dividing those who know what they're doing (realists) from those bemused by words (formalists).

Burnham hoped to help bring the West to its senses by telling it how to play the power-game against the Communists. And his books had considerable influence in the Forties. Still, the West kept losing, despite its superior assets and despite the paucity of Western Communists. Why?

Burnham never really tried to give a final answer to this, but he turned his method on a new target in *Suicide of the West*: liberalism, which might be described as the ideology of men who prefer *not* to know what they are doing. Interestingly enough, the "real" level of liberalism seems to be appreciated far more clearly by Communists than by liberals themselves. So nowadays, as Tom Bethell once pointed out to me, we actually find Communists dropping their old Stalin-era jargon and mastering the smoother lingo of liberalism. It *works* better.

As Francis observes, *Suicide of the West* doesn't even bother trying to prove that liberalism is "false." Such formalism is irrelevant to the book's purpose. Instead it merely shows how liberalism functions in a manner *complementary* to Communism and rationalizes every Western loss in the power-game as some sort of triumph for Western "ideals" (e.g., "self-determination"). As usual, Burnham sticks pretty much to the surface and keeps his tone ironically impersonal. He never denies that liberal propositions may have some sort of abstract truth, but

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he notes drily that they don't seem to have much to do with what we see going on around us. In fact they serve to explain away what we do see: "the contraction of the West" in sheer, simple "effective political control over acreage."

Unfortunately for a work of exposition, *Power and History* is written in a style less clear than that of its subject. It is too bad Francis sticks to a cautiously academic idiom when, after all, he is writing about a rebel against the academy whose writing is distinguished by colloquial grace. But this book does cover a lot of territory in a few pages, and its ambition requires it to confront certain difficulties Burnham himself has been content to pass by.

In this ambition the book succeeds. Francis connects Burnham's early thought with his later and cogently explains the changes along the way. He notes correctly that Burnham is an anomaly in American conservatism; you might also say that Burnham differs from most political commentators as an astronomer differs from an astrologer. Ever the philosopher, Burnham can be uncertain without being confused. He knows what he knows.

Burnham is not so much at odds with other thinkers as he is engaged in a totally different style of analysis, one that can be baffling just because it simplifies so radically and refuses to give the sort of answers, or bogus answers, one has come to expect of political thinking. I knew this brilliant and quietly courageous man for years before I began to grasp what he was driving at. He gave us a new way of seeing, and found more on the surface than others can see in the depths. □

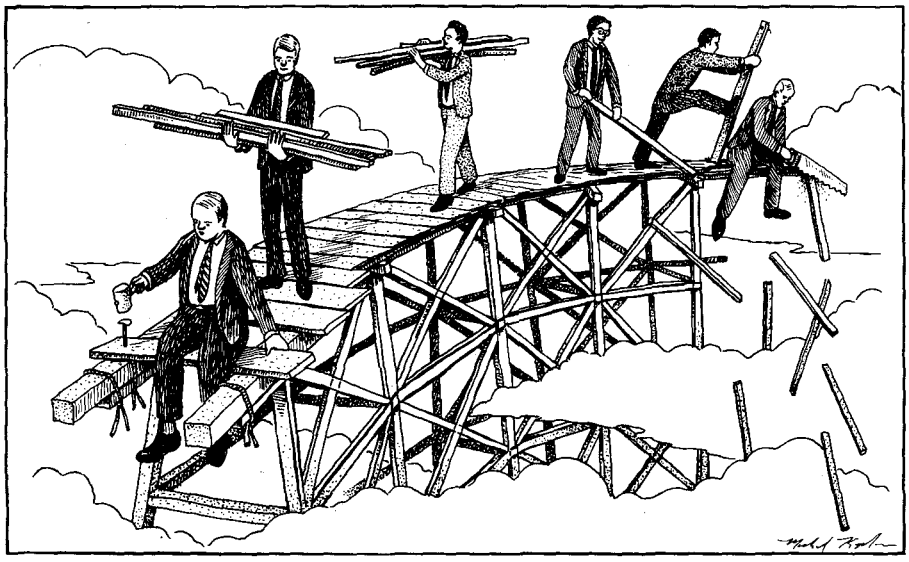
THE POOR IN PERSPECTIVE

William McGurn

The Idea of Poverty: England in the Early Industrial Age, by Gertrude Himmelfarb
Knopf, 596 pp., $25

MANY YEARS from now, when some new Macaulay begins to set down the history of our age, what will he take to be twentieth-century man's view of poverty? Relying on contemporary sources, he would absorb a variety of impressions: that Ronald Reagan is in favor of it, that businessmen are indifferent to it, that social workers cynically make a living off it, and that no one (with the possible exception of Mother Teresa) actually is doing anything about it. The question of just what ought to be done is subject to even more confusion.

That something ought to be done, however, this hypothetical historian would find almost universally acknowledged, even in the opposition of libertarians conscious of their minority status. So ingrained is this assumption today that it is easy to forget that such was not always the case, and that most of our attitudes have some root in the debates and social experiments that characterized early industrial England. In *The Idea of Poverty*, Gertrude Himmelfarb returns to the decades following the Industrial Revolution (roughly, 1760 to 1850), "extract[ing] from that milieu" what premises about poverty lay underneath all the debates, literature, and reforms of the period.



Miss Himmelfarb comes to the task eminently, if not uniquely, qualified. Her previous works on Acton, Mill, Darwin, and Malthus have established her as a historian of the first rank; her *Victorian Minds* was nominated for a National Book Award in 1969. Rolling up her sleeves, she labors here to present English poverty in the early industrial age as its contemporaries saw it, bringing to her effort the same deftness of style and command of subject evident in all her writing.

Beginning with pre-industrial England, she notes that poverty then was a moral, as opposed to a social, concern: While society accepted it as natural ("The poor always ye have with you") and expected the poor to bear it graciously, it was equally the obligation of the affluent to assist their less fortunate brethren. But with the Elizabethan Poor Laws of 1601—which stood, with amendments, for three and a half centuries, until the advent of the Welfare State—the English recognized a new principle, that of government responsibility for the poor; the state becoming, in Miss Himmelfarb's words, "the repositor of the national conscience."

This new principle subsequently became the focus of heated national debate, with almost every great figure of the time having his say and drawing his own distinctions between the types of poor people. Against the temptation to read history backward, Miss Himmelfarb presents this debate through the eyes of those involved, attending "to the facts available to them and in the form they were available." Where these men and women were wrong they were not necessarily stupid, and Miss Himmelfarb demonstrates how they came to think as they did and what made their notions plausible.

The Idea of Poverty consists of four major sections. The first deals with England's transformation into a country "where compassion had become public policy," and what Adam Smith and Malthus made of it; the second with the reform of the Poor Laws and the distinction between paupers and the poor; the third with the frightening "culture of poverty" (what we might now call "the underclass"); and the fourth with how the poor were portrayed in fiction. Plates of cartoons, caricatures, and illustrations help fill out the general picture.

The problem of poverty (the phras-

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ing indicates the new view) was given its most optimistic prescription by Adam Smith, whose *Wealth of Nations* delineated how an expanding, progressive economy would benefit all levels of society. "He was arguing, at least implicitly, against those of his contemporaries who denied the poor the capacity and opportunity to achieve those 'middle-class values,'" Miss Himmelfarb writes, noting that Smith, unlike Burke—who was much more laissez-faire on the matter—never attacked the Poor Laws themselves, opposing only certain restrictions associated with them.

Oddly enough it was a self-professed disciple of Smith, Thomas Malthus, who overturned Smith's optimism by introducing the "principle of population" (more people, less bread), which would set a gloomy tone for the next several decades. At least part of this anxiety derived from the strangeness of those new *expressions* of poverty engendered by industrialism: more things to be deprived of, a new concentration of the poor (i.e., slums), an increasingly sharp contrast with the wealthy. The inherent irony of a prospering nation is that the problem of the poor grows ever more pressing, intractable, even intolerable.

Malthus opposed the Poor Laws because he thought relief only encouraged the poor to breed and thus increased their deprivations, and even Tocqueville saw in any "permanent, regular administrative system" of public assistance the potential polarization of society, with the resentful rich supporting the sullen poor. Riots at the time gave some credence to these fears. Amid much controversy, therefore, the New Poor Laws were passed in 1834 to correct some of the flaws in the administration of the old, but, more important, to mark that "broad line of distinction between those who were merely poor and those for whom poverty was a way of life."

With this distinction the reformers hoped to save the poor from falling into the vicious trap of pauperism, by making the latter "so odious that no respectable poor man would be tempted by it." Around the pauper hovered the image of the workhouse, so feared and despised that it retains even today its loathsome connotations. Unfortunately, the taint of pauperism was so strong that it tarnished the poor as well; Disraeli said that the reform "an-

nounces to the world that in England poverty is a crime."

Indeed, there was no lack of opposition to the reform. A radical Tory like Thomas Carlyle could write movingly about "the workers" and rail against the "pig philosophers" of materialism, while the populist William Cobbett's longings for a hearty Olde England took the form of anti-industrialism. In due course opposition gave birth to that loose association known as the Chartist Movement, whose "Six Points" called for enfranchisement of the people and proudly claimed to speak only on behalf of the worker.

Perhaps the book's most striking section is the one that deals with the myriad ways in which the poor were depicted in the literature of the day, both high and low. Here Miss Himmelfarb sets herself apart from the complacency of many a modern critic:

> It is sometimes said that the novelists moralized the poor, saw them through the lens of their own middle-class morality. So they did. They moralized the poor just as they moralized the rich. If there were deserving poor, there were also deserving rich; if there were vicious, criminal poor, there were vicious, criminal rich; if the poor had their villains and heroes, and more who were something of both, so did the rich. To think it "middle-class" to ascribe to the poor a moral identity that made them, in this respect at least, the peers of the rich, is a measure of how far we have come from the Victorians, how radically we have redefined the terms of moral discourse—and redefined them, perhaps, not entirely in the interests or to the credit of the poor.

It is the only kind of judgment rendered in the book, her verdict on those who presume to judge the past against the standards of the present.

At times the temptation is to say, "Ah, but . . ."—but you will be pulled up short, because Miss Himmelfarb has got there first, putting everything in perspective by setting forth what she does not mean as well as what she means. Her explanatory notes and anecdotes at the bottom of the page are delightful, for instance when she points out that by lowering the price of beer in 1830 the English hoped to keep the poor away from gin. The promise of a follow-up volume is a pleasant prospect.

"History," Miss Himmelfarb writes, "is full of discrepancies between what historians believe to be fact and what contemporaries thought to be such." It is a measure of her competence that in *The Idea of Poverty* she has largely succeeded in the task of closing this gap. More significantly, it is a measure of the book's merit that a work so faithful to the past should find so many echoes in the present. □

PLAYING THE SAP

Terry Teachout

Dashiell Hammett: A Life, by Diane Johnson
Random House, 344 pp., $17.95

Hammett: A Life at the Edge, by William F. Nolan
Congdon & Weed, 276 pp., $16.95

EVERYBODY NEEDS a hero. Some liberals, however, prefer political martyrs to men on horseback—Alger Hiss, Karen Silkwood, and why not Dashiell Hammett? Hammett's qualifications are pretty impressive: a distinguished career, influential friends, a reputation for integrity, a great profile. In fact, the Hammett-as-hero industry has already chalked up quite a tally: one bad novel, two bad movies, four appalling memoirs from Old Mother Hellman, and, now, two new and thoroughly uncritical biographies.

As it happens, the myth of Dashiell Hammett's integrity, like the myth of Alger Hiss's innocence, reduces in its essentials to a single dubious proposition—in this case, that a great and incorruptible American writer went to prison, was reduced to poverty, and ul-

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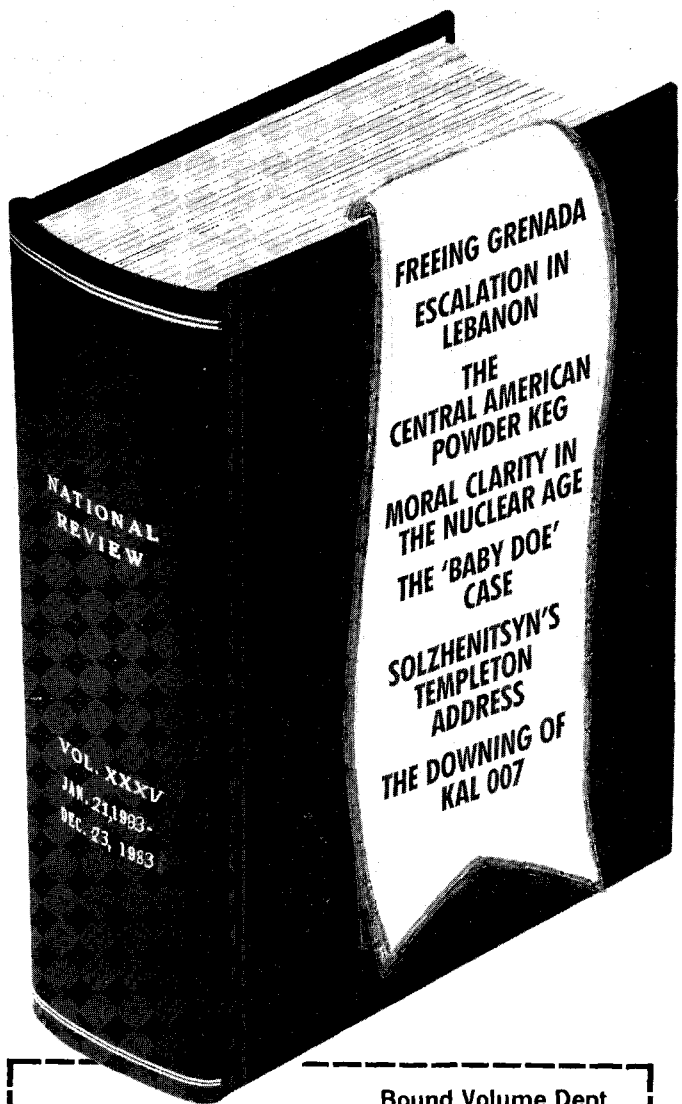

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ MORE APRIL TITLES: In *Civil Rights: Rhetoric or Reality?* (Morrow, $11.95), Thomas Sowell argues that affirmative action has actually hindered the progress of blacks in the work force, by putting "disadvantaged" individuals even further behind their white counterparts and making it costly for companies to hire minority employees. Sowell also defends the wage differential between men and women on the ground that female biology and preference make women less likely than men to remain in a particular job for the long term. . . . Edith Efron's *The Apocalyptics: Politics, Science, and the Big Cancer Lie* (Simon & Schuster, $19.95) is intended as an answer to Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*, published in 1962, and an attack on those who have turned her message into a bureaucratic force during the intervening two decades. . . . In *Power and Privilege: Labor Unions in America* (Universe, $14.95), Morgan O. Reynolds, a Texas A&M economist, describes labor unions as "monopolistic, coercive" organizations and calls for massive deregulation to bring about their virtual disappearance. . . . *The Power to Lead: The Crisis of the American Presidency* (Simon & Schuster, $17.95), by James MacGregor Burns, attributes what it sees to be a failure of national leadership to the political system rather than to any natural lack of potential leaders. . . . In *My China Years: A Memoir* (Morrow, $17.95), Helen Foster Snow, widow of foreign correspondent Edgar Snow and herself the author of *Inside Red China* (1939), combines self-portraiture with history and politics.

Joseph Blotner's exhaustive two-volume work, published ten years ago, has now been condensed and largely rewritten into the one-volume *Faulkner: A Biography* (Random House, $35). . . . *Faulkner: A Comprehensive Guide to the Brodsky Collection: Volume II, The Letters* (University Press of Mississippi, $35; paper, $14.95) contains more than five hundred letters chosen by editors Louis Daniel Brodsky and Robert W. Hamblin to complement the Blotner biography. Five more volumes are planned. —CW

timately died—all because he wouldn't inform on his friends. It is, of course, a good story. But it suggests nothing quite so much as a scene from Hammett's own short story "The Golden Horseshoe," the one where the Continental Op walks into a Tijuana bar, sees a sign that says ONLY GENUINE PRE-WAR AMERICAN AND BRITISH WHISKIES SERVED HERE, and reflects: "I was trying to count how many lies could be found in those nine words, and had reached four."

The truth of the matter is perhaps more sordid than anything else: The "incorruptible" Hammett was in real life a systematic adulterer, a chronic alcoholic, a literary wastrel, and a more or less dedicated Communist. He did go to jail, but he didn't die of it; he did go broke, but it was mostly his own fault.

Hammett spent his youth as a detective for Pinkerton's and as a victim of gonorrhea and tuberculosis. He married a nurse in 1920; unable to work because of his illness, he turned to writing startlingly realistic detective stories for the pulp magazines. Fame caught up with Hammett when Blanche Knopf pulled one of his manuscripts out of the Knopf slush pile in 1928; the result was his first full-length novel, *Red Harvest*, praised by André Gide as "the last word in atrocity, cynicism, and horror." In the course of the next six years Hammett wrote four more novels; moved to Hollywood to work as a screenwriter, making (and spending) a million dollars in the process; took up with Lillian Hellman; and joined the Communist Party.

With the publication of *The Thin Man* in 1934, Hammett's literary career trailed off into nothing; he never wrote another word of publishable fiction, although he served as midwife for many of Lillian Hellman's Broadway hits. The remainder of his life was grist for the martyr mills: another stretch in the Army, emphysema and delirium tremens, an endless string of left-wing mastheads and petitions, five months in prison on contempt charges, a successful Internal Revenue suit for $140,000 in back taxes, a star turn before Messrs. McCarthy and Cohn in 1953. Hammett finally died of lung cancer in 1961; in her eulogy, Miss Hellman called him "a man of simple honor and bravery." He requested—and, as a veteran of two wars, received—burial in Arlington National Cemetery.

What was the bottom line? As a public figure, Hammett was a tragic failure, an intelligent drunkard who wasted his middle age in the service of a profoundly shabby cause. "I won't play the sap for you," Sam Spade says to Brigid O'Shaughnessy in *The Maltese Falcon* just before he turns her over to the police; but Hammett, like so many of his benighted contemporaries, played the sap for the Communist Party. And he did time for his pains: five months in prison at the age of 57. For a man weakened by decades of illness and debauchery, five months in prison could easily have been a death sentence; one wonders if, at the end of his pathetic life, the close-mouthed Hammett felt that his sacrifice had truly been worth it.

DIANE JOHNSON, a feminist novelist (*The Shadow Knows*) and stodgy critic (*Terrorists and Novelists*) who frequents the pages of *The New York Review of Books*, is manifestly preoccupied with Hammett's decline and fall in *Dashiell Hammett: A Life*, since she spends three times as many pages chronicling the post-1934 Hammett as she does on the years when Hammett was still active as a writer of fiction. This emphasis is to a certain degree a matter of taste—some people prefer writing about martyrs, others prefer writing about novelists—and passages like the following make Miss Johnson's own inclinations painfully clear:

> The times encouraged drinking. It seemed to many people that hypocrisy, villainy, and self-serving dishonor were the national afflictions; a war that had been fought against Fascism seemed instead to have made the world safe for Fascism in the form of persecutions by the American Government of people living in America.

Other factors are at work, though, the major one being the status of *Dashiell Hammett: A Life* as an "authorized" biography written with the permission and cooperation of Lillian

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Hellman, executrix of the Hammett estate and keeper of the Hammett flame; since Miss Hellman came on the scene at the very end of Hammett's writing career and played an intimate role in his left-wing apotheosis, it's more than likely that she had a vested interest in keeping Miss Johnson's sense of biographical priorities straight.

Not that *Dashiell Hammett: A Life* would have been much better had more space been given to Hammett's achievements as an author; for one thing, Miss Johnson has virtually nothing of interest to say about Hammett's fiction. Moreover, she has made uncommonly fatuous use of her unprecedented access to Hammett's correspondence. "I should explain," she says, "that passages which refer to Hammett's thoughts or feelings are based throughout on these letters . . . in many cases the diction is Hammett's too even where I have hoped by paraphrase to avoid too much direct quotation." This method produces results like the following:

> She [Lillian Hellman] had reddish hair, was funny and full of ambition . . . She'd go to Spain, to Russia at the drop of a hat—she'd sell out her own country, was his opinion, if somebody offered her a free trip, and it wouldn't have to be to Spain—Jersey City would do. He liked her beautiful clothes; she was stylish and educated and a hell of a writer, or could be if she wasn't insecure and lazy . . . She thought not so much about how things were and weren't but of whether they were Right or Wrong, according to her code. She thought he ought to have a code too. Well, he did, in a way, but not her way, and anyway he was a realist, a pragmatist up to a point, or so he thought. Their codes often conflicted. But they had a lot of fun.

William F. Nolan's *Hammett: A Life at the Edge* is nowhere near so ritzy a production as *Dashiell Hammett: A Life*. It comes from a small publishing house; it has a tacky dust-jacket; and Mr. Nolan himself, lacking the Hellman imprimatur, has had to put his book together almost entirely from published sources. Nor is he much of a writer, either; witness this typical end-of-chapter exhalation: "But the laughter is empty—the sound of a creator wisecracking against the encroaching night. In his final genre novel, Samuel Dashiell Hammett was having the last laugh. On himself."

Mr. Nolan also shares with Miss Johnson an inability to look critically at Hammett's writing. His "critical" approach is strictly adoring; there is no real attempt to differentiate, for instance, between the stylistic crudities of the Continental Op stories and the comparatively greater sophistication of the full-length novels. To be sure, Mr. Nolan recognizes that Hammett's work set the agenda for every "hard-boiled" mystery writer to come, both stylistically and thematically; but there is no hint in his discussion of, say, *The Maltese Falcon* that Hammett's prose, for all of its brilliance in dialogue and thematic originality, is remarkably undistinguished—even cliché-ridden—whenever the characters stop talking and let the author have his say.

Even so, Mr. Nolan, a longtime Hammett fan and researcher, has done the kind of homework that a dilettante

Thomas Sowell

"is able to conceive webs of explanation that are much more subtle, sophisticated, and accurate than those of his lessers." —STUART WARNER, *The Wall Street Journal*

1984 marks the thirtieth anniversary of the historic Supreme Court decision on school desegregation, *Brown* v. *Board of Education*, and the twentieth anniversary of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. What has actually happened over these decades? Who has gained? Who has lost? Is "civil rights" today sacrificing reality for rhetoric? Thomas Sowell's challenging answers make CIVIL RIGHTS his most controversial book by far. "This unbending analyst is having a greater influence on the discussion of matters of race and ethnicity than any other writer of the past ten years. Reluctantly, even black leaders and civil rights activists seem to be coming to the conclusion that more resources from government will do little to affect . . . [the] ills of a substantial part of the black minority."

—NATHAN GLAZER, *The New Republic*

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biographer like Diane Johnson tends to overlook. (You will find no hint from Miss Johnson, for example, of the extent to which Knopf house editor Harry Block was apparently responsible for the cleaner, sharper prose that lifts *Red Harvest* above the level of the earlier Continental Op stories.) Nolan sensibly gives equal time to Hammett as author and Hammett as martyr; his book, literary gaucheries notwithstanding, provides an unpretentiously solid account of Hammett's life and work.

Even so, *Hammett: A Life at the Edge* leaves much to be desired as a *literary* biography. We are still very much in need of an objective critical study that would separate Hammett's actual achievement as a writer—which, though limited, is not inconsiderable—from his influence on later novelists, not to mention his posthumous reputation as a secular saint. Despite his flaws as a human being and an artist, Dashiell Hammett deserves better. But Mr. Nolan's book is, in a way that Miss Johnson's far more ambitious effort is not, a modest step in the direction of genuine understanding. □

A QUESTION OF TOLERANCE

Kathleen Christison

In the Land of Israel, by Amos Oz, translated by Maurie Goldberg-Bartura Harcourt Brace, 257 pp., $12.95

IN RECENT MONTHS Israel has witnessed a series of terrorist incidents perpetrated by Israelis against non-Jewish targets in Jerusalem and the West Bank. Of Israelis polled by the *Jerusalem Post* in February, 18.7 per cent approved of such attacks.

For many countries that figure might not startle us. But Americans by and large still think of Israel as a "light unto nations," a victim rather than a user of terror. We seldom hear about it—and we are tempted to close our eyes and ears to it—when the darker underside of the Israeli scene shows itself. Yet many Israelis are disturbed to realize that that underside is coming increasingly to the fore, and with Amos Oz's *In the Land of Israel*, we too are unable to ignore it any longer.

Oz is one of Israel's foremost novelists, but in this book he takes the reader on a non-fiction tour of Jerusalem's Orthodox quarters, Sephardic development towns, and the ultra-nationalist Jewish settlements on the West Bank. It is a sobering experience.

We do not find here the kinds of tales that Leon Uris's *Exodus*, for example, accustomed us to, of heroic young sabras, pioneering kibbutzniks, Holocaust survivors reborn in the struggle for Jewish independence, a people for whom morality and humanitarianism are instinctive. Perhaps—at least we may hope—these images are still the norm in Israel. But they are not the images Oz has projected.

Instead, we walk with him through the ultra-Orthodox neighborhoods of Jerusalem, where the pious await the Messiah and scrawl slogans against their "Hitlerite" mayor, Teddy Kollek, and where "ancient hatreds simmer and bubble . . . Mitnagdim versus Hasidim, the followers of one *rebbe* versus the followers of another, sect against sect, thundering wrath or sour cruelty draped with the robes of scholarship, keen and pious." We listen with Oz as North African Jews in a poor Judaean development town spew forth their bitterness against the Ashkenazim of establishment Israel; as militant West Bank settlers talk of the need to teach the Arabs who's boss on the West Bank ("Isn't that the way it is in the Bible? Weren't there hewers of wood and carriers of water? For murderers that's very light punishment!"); as a farmer rejoices that now, after the massacre at Sabra and Shatilla, "maybe we've finished once and for all with that crap about the Jewish monopoly on morality."

Oz's interlocutors are not all angry radicals. There is the shy young settler who does not have any facile answers but who knows what not to do with the Arabs: "not to kill them, not to throw them out, not to oppress them." And there is the kibbutznik who chides Oz for failing to interview "normal" Israelis who don't want to exterminate Arabs or "drag the Messiah in by his beard." There is also, throughout the book, that peculiar brand of Jewish warmth and friendliness, as when an Orthodox teacher harangues Oz but repeatedly begs his forgiveness for any offense he may be giving, or when the group of Sephardic Jews who assault him verbally for his Ashkenazic, kibbutz, and Labor Alignment background nonetheless ply him with Cokes and cigarettes.

One suspects from time to time, notwithstanding the friendliness and the occasional moderate response, that Oz has stacked the deck a bit in his selection of interviewees. His Arabs breathe no fire and would live in peace with Israel. His Israelis are the uncompromising firebrands. But Oz does not pretend that the people he introduces us to are a representative sampling of Israelis. And he does not pretend to objectivity; he is openly pressing a point of view. He is a dove, a leader of the Peace Now movement. He is not representative either.

Oz seldom intrudes upon the stories he presents; for the most part, they speak clearly enough for themselves. He does, however, in response to prodding from a group of West Bank settlers, devote one lengthy section to rebutting their views, and the theme of the book, if it was possible to miss it before, becomes unmistakable here. In a lucid, occasionally impassioned declamation, Oz states his deep concern that Israelis, even among themselves, can no longer differentiate between controversy and hatred, between argument and abusiveness: In their attitude toward the outside world, they have developed a hostile defensiveness that, like a self-fulfilling prophecy, will eventually assure Israel's isolation.

A recently overheard conversation between two Israeli students in the U.S. helps illustrate Oz's point. The students were discussing a seminar they were to attend on tolerance, and in

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the middle of the conversation, one asked the other, "What's the Hebrew word for tolerance?"

"I don't know," the other student answered after a moment's pause. "I never thought about it." □

LOOKING BACK

BEYOND BRIDESHEAD

Thomas P. McDonnell

THE BRILLIANT English television production of Evelyn Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited*, recently reshown in America, has no doubt confirmed in the public mind the impression that this most popular of the novels by the great English master of satiric comedy was also his most significant work of fiction. But in fact it isn't, having been considerably superseded by his comparatively unknown masterwork, *Sword of Honor* (1965), the recension of the trilogy that was published at intervals during the previous decade under the separate titles *Men at Arms* (1952), *Officers and Gentlemen* (1955), and *Unconditional Surrender* (1961). Although Waugh's publisher in this country (Little, Brown) has curiously chosen to reprint what is known as the War Trilogy in these separate versions, it is the one-volume edition of *Sword of Honor* that is the most powerful representation of Waugh's masterpiece and the one he wanted to present to the public.

There are probably very sound and at the same time subtle reasons why the superb dramatization, in *Brideshead*, of a noble English Roman Catholic family in dissolution should once again engage the contemporary sensibility. Only some four decades ago, American Catholic criticism was emboldened to suggest that *Brideshead Revisited* was our Roman Catholic epic in the modern triumphalism of a Church that few could have known was even then at the end of the preconciliar age. This was an understandable and yet seriously flawed reading of Waugh's nevertheless great novel. *Brideshead Revisited* is still highly readable today precisely because, rather than a self-fulfilling example of triumphalism, it was actually a prophetic account of such a thorough disintegration of the social order as would almost simultaneously result in a similar decline of the spiritual order. The world of Subaltern Hooper was about to take over—and it did. Perhaps Waugh died from knowledge of this, as the novelist Graham Greene suggested shortly after the death of his friend in 1966.

All that is left at the end of *Brideshead Revisited* is the tentative guttering of the crimson vigil light in the chapel and the hint that Captain Charles Ryder, the narrator of the novel, will have emerged at last from his own life of cynicism and barely tolerant agnosticism into the richer mystery and more sustaining life of the Catholic Church. But Captain Ryder will also become Captain Guy Crouchback of the War Trilogy, much less a snob than Ryder, and yet much more an authentic aristocrat both at heart and in fact. The aristocratic Crouchback is an ineffably sad portrait of the middle-class Waugh himself. But if he was a man for whom both church and state were now only the shadows of their former glories, he was also a man whose sense of honor still acknowledged the vestiges of all that he had once held most dear and lasting and true—indeed, most dear and lasting only because true.

Sword of Honor has deeper dramatic integrity as a novel than *Brideshead* largely because Crouchback himself has more integrity of character than Ryder had in his role as an all but impassive observer. Crouchback suffered defeats and humiliations that Ryder did not know. The War Trilogy is Waugh's last and greatest statement, and in fact we misread all the novels if we do not take them as genuine re-creations of the author's own continuing experience. It was once presumed that the earlier satiric novels (of which *Decline and Fall* and *Vile Bodies* may be the typical examples) were the products merely of an outrageous imagination; but as with all his novels, they came more or less directly out of Waugh's own equally outrageous experience. His books were the transformation of that experience into a beautifully cadenced art of fact and fiction. This can be said even more truly about *Sword of Honor* than about any of his other works—excepting, of course, *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold* (1957) and *A Little Learning* (1964), the latter an exquisite fragment of autobiographical writing.

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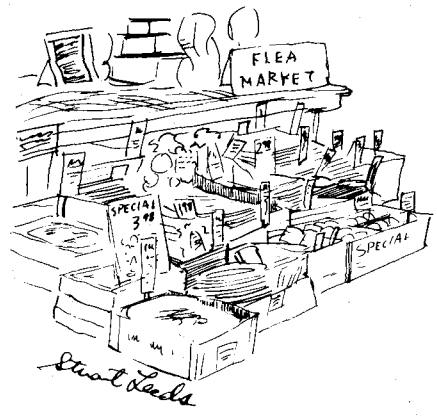
It becomes immediately clear, on reading even the initial episodes of *Sword of Honor*, that its comedic element is at once of a more mature and melancholy kind than the glittering and effervescent humor in the pages of, say, *Decline and Fall*. The mildly desperate and pathetic figure of Apthorpe and his portable thunder-box (or chemical toilet) in the original "Men at Arms" section of the War Trilogy is far removed from the all too predictable high jinks of the Oxford undergraduates and the slightly depraved indulgences of the Bright Young People between the wars. The comic invention of Waugh has here become universal; the farcical is now subsumed in the poignantly ironic elements of reality itself.

It is always difficult to have knowledge of the truth and yet see the world make a botch of things for lack of it. Nothing much has ever been made of the fact, especially in the acceptable literary criticism of our time, that Evelyn Waugh was the only major novelist who saw painfully through the alliance with Stalinism and the Soviet Union during the Second World War —and, more importantly, what this unholy alliance would mean after the war. If the one-class society and the new technology of the computer age do not take us over first, Waugh's War Trilogy may someday be recognized as the finest depiction of the moral conscience operating under extreme stress that has come out of the writing of novels since World War II. The more generally recognized war novelists of the period, such as Norman Mailer and James Jones, are by comparison only mad little children playing at war games. They have presumed that combat is all there is to war. Let us by all means have our Stephen Cranes and Ernest Hemingways, but states of war are infinitely more like those described in *Sword of Honor* than any of the others. It is not only that Waugh was more intelligent and politically astute in his commonest perceptions, he possessed a moral vision of the world that the others sadly lacked.

This is nowhere more clearly seen than in the Yugoslavian episode in the "Unconditional Surrender" section of *Sword of Honor*. At this point, an historical reflection may prove helpful. Against the then-common belief of the American people that Prime Minister Churchill was the most dependable of the Allied leaders during World War II, the historian Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn says, in his definitive study of *Leftism* (Arlington House, 1974), that this simply was not the case: "The responsibility for the switch from Draža Mihajlović to Marshal Tito was also due to Churchill, not to Roosevelt," though Mihajlović clearly "represented by far the lesser evil." This was the moral situation in which Waugh/Crouchback found himself at a particularly crucial moment in modern Eastern European history—and which he could not dismiss, as Churchill had, by telling a military aide that if you were not going to live in Yugoslavia after the war, then it made little difference one way or the other.

It is given to Guy Crouchback to witness all this as he attempts to rescue the Jewish refugees from the pervasive hostility of the partisans, to dislodge these survivors of the Nazi concentration camps from the interminable regulations of the local Communist bureaucracy, before he is himself shipped out to Bari. He becomes acquainted with the Kanyis, husband and wife, who are the most resourceful of the displaced Jews. Guy is attracted to Madame Kanyi's superior intelligence in an utterly mindless environment and attempts to befriend and help her, not realizing how powerless he is in the face of the partisans' hostility and his own government's indifference. The day Guy seeks out Madame Kanyi to tell her that he is being recalled to Bari, they spot the ridiculous but sinister spy, Bakić, lurking in the sparse roadside shrubbery. Madame Kanyi realizes that any hope she had had of safety is gone, and she asks: "Is there any place that is free from evil?" She indicts all those who had something to gain from the enormous tragedy of the war itself, all the obvious gainers, and even those good men, she adds, who "thought their private honor would be satisfied by war." Many felt this way, she said; "Were there none in England?" Guy responds, "My God, I was one of them."



This seemingly elusive glimpse of self-knowledge in Guy Crouchback is what makes him so different from most of Waugh's other main characters and particularly different from Charles Ryder. Crouchback in the end is more than merely decent, he is a man of the most subtle and touching compassions, though again the forms of this compassion are more elusive than demonstrative. Some are nevertheless obvious, such as Guy's remarriage to Virginia Troy after the former hairdresser, Trimmer, had left her pregnant. The episode of Virginia seeking the services of an abortionist, in a bombed-out section of wartime London, is one of the high points of postwar fiction —as is the exquisite luncheon conversation between Virginia and the wistful Uncle Peregrine.

It is as if Evelyn Waugh himself, in his last great work, had reached a new level of both human and humane understanding. In the role of Guy Crouchback, he was severely chastened —as were all true Englishmen—by the debacle on Crete. Though still loyal to the beneficent figure of Roger of Waybroke, an English knight killed on his way to the Second Crusade, Guy learns bitterly that all victories are hard won and that some, in the end, are sorely lost again. This is why it is analogically absurd to say, as many of Waugh's critics have been eager to say, that Guy Crouchback is Don Quixote tilting against the windmills of the Modern Age. There was nothing quixotic about Guy Crouchback. He suffered no illusions and indeed suffered all the more because of that.

No contemporary author, perhaps, has written so heartbreaking a preface to his own work as Waugh's to *Sword of Honor*, which states in the last of its only three paragraphs:

> On reading the book I realized that I had done something quite outside my original intention. I had written an obituary of the Roman Catholic Church in England as it had existed for many centuries. All the rites and most of the opinions here described are already obsolete. When I wrote *Brideshead Revisited* I was consciously writing an obituary of the

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doomed English upper class. It never occurred to me, writing *Sword of Honor*, that the Church was susceptible to change. I was wrong and I have seen a superficial revolution in what then seemed permanent. Despite the faith of many of the characters, *Sword of Honor* was not specifically a religious book. Recent developments have made it, in fact, a document of Catholic usage of my youth.

Still, it is much more than only that. If Evelyn Waugh could never come to terms with the modern world, in *Sword of Honor* he at last came to terms with himself. □

FILM

ART BY THE TAIL

John Simon

FEDERICO FELLINI'S *And the Ship Sails On* starts out as an Italian *Zelig*. For several minutes we see a silent film, presumably a 1914 documentary about the sailing of the huge liner *Gloria N.* on a special voyage to scatter the mortal ashes of the immortal opera diva Edmea Tetua near the island where she was born. Among the passengers are friends and admirers, prominent figures from the worlds of politics (an Austrian duke and his retinue), music, and international society. Also a journalist, Orlando, covering the story, a movie cameraman, and a rhinoceros bound for the Amsterdam zoo, whose presence makes no sense, but, then, what does? A vast ocean liner hired as a cruise ship? A tiny desert island, the birthplace of the diva? Several days' journey from, say, Naples to an Italian island? Ah, but it is called Erimo (we were), and situated, I would guess, between Erewhon and Non Erimo. So this is allegory, where, as sloppy allegorists would have it, anything goes.

The pseudo-1914 movie, complete with intertitles, is technically skillful and mildly droll. But as color and sound fade into the picture, creative life fades out of it. We are left with an unending parade of Fellini grotesques, whose aimless cavortings are supposed to constitute humor, indeed art. Comic highlights include a seagull's flitting into and around the ship's dining room, to elicit amusement, indignation, and horror; the visit of several opera singers to a bridge overlooking the boiler room, where, egged on by the stokers, they put on a nastily competitive display of vocal prowess; a terrible stench hitting the passengers' nostrils and causing fights to erupt until it is traced to the rhino's having been hoisted to the deck for a scrubdown; a Russian basso's dropping into the kitchen to exhibit his skill at putting a chicken to sleep with his hypnotic low notes (I felt like shouting "Nobody here but us chickens!"); a séance at which a dopey-looking homosexual medium appears to establish contact with Edmea until it is broken up by a weird masquerade; a self-styled but questionable lover of Edmea's who has converted his stateroom into a shrine replete with her relics, where he watches home movies of her seeming to sing only for him; and many more such merry pranks, as incoherent as they are unfunny.

There are the customary Fellinian sexual games, located mostly between kinkiness and frustration, whether Orlando is vainly pursuing the sweet and very much younger Dorothy, or the impresario Sir Reginald Dongby (the name typifies the humor of this film) is getting masochistic pleasure out of his wife's dalliances, or the melancholy keeper is pining away alongside his lovesick rhino (a stuffed beast as inert as most of the movie), or the cockatooish medium is hopelessly lusting for grinning young sailors. Meanwhile the obese, obtuse, and sexless Duke of Herzog (another clever name!) has a blind sister who is carrying on with his prime minister and possibly encouraging her brother's overthrow as the sinister police chief watches suspiciously. At this point, Fellini and his coscenarist, Tonino Guerra, start what passes for the plot rolling when a band of Serbian refugees escaping on a raft from persecution by the Austrian police after the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand are picked up by the *Gloria N.*, only to create social and sexual chaos among the already unruly passengers.

An Austrian dreadnought appears and demands the extradition of the Serbs. The gallant captain refuses and the passengers back him up. At the duke's transmitted demand, the battleship lets the *Gloria N.* sail on. There is a tragiludicrous scattering of Tetua's ashes, whereupon the battleship reappears, re-

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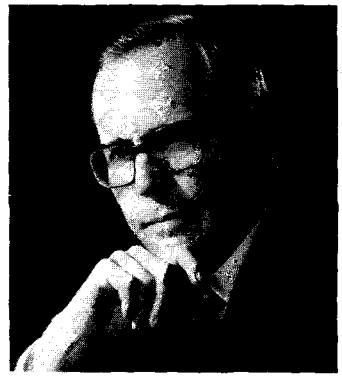

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demands the Serbs, and threatens to blow up the *Gloria N.* The Serbs are sent over in lifeboats, with Dorothy following her lover, a youth named Mirko (a likely story, given her strict and watchful parents); the duke and his entourage are likewise rowed over. Why? Mirko pitches a single bomb into the battleship, which blows up, but not before shooting a fatal hole into the *Gloria N.*'s side. People from the lifeboats jump into the sea, which makes no sense. Orlando escapes alone in a boat (more nonsense) and monologizes about how almost everybody survived (double nonsense). Then Fellini pulls the soggiest of tricks and reveals that the *Gloria N.* is just the mockup of a boat, and shows how the ship's sinking was shot—indeed, is being shot. All this is just clowning, good people, he seems to tell us, as if we hadn't known all along.

What is this meant to mean? Fellini's version of how World War I broke out? How wars in general begin? But he says nothing new and very little that is coherent. Why is Mirko's preposterous bomb-hurling better or more enlightening than Gavrilo Princip's actual gunshots at Sarajevo? And what is all that sorry farce about the sick transit of the *Gloria N.*? Are we to gather that it is these mindless shenanigans of the idle rich that start world wars? But the connection has not been demonstrated, and I venture to say that the minds that dreamt up *And the Ship Sails On* can match the twitchings and twitterings of their invented characters point for pointless point. In his monograph, *The Grotesque in Art and Literature*, Wolfgang Kayser concluded that the grotesque was "an attempt to invoke and subdue the demonic aspects of the world." Fellini's grotesques are hardly demons, merely trivial and platitudinous imps; although they are invoked, they are not subdued, but relished with infantile glee, then unceremoniously dumped.

There is no respect for even minimal accuracy. The Austrian man-of-war (which looks like a backward child's drawing of the *Monitor*) has a Russian name on it in Cyrillic letters; little of the profuse non-Italian dialogue is spoken with authentic, or even penetrable, accents; a shoreline can sometimes be glimpsed when the ship is ostensibly on the open sea; the wind that scatters Edmea's ashes ruffles nothing else; and so on. The dialogue is all winking, mirthless witticisms, and the new lyrics by Andrea Zanzotto for the Verdi and Rossini choruses into which passengers and crew keep bursting are, if anything, drearier yet. The feeble send-ups of the social, political, musi-

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

"OLD-TIMERS at the UN," Arieh Eilan writes, "describe the 38th session as 'quiet and dull.' It began, however, with a prominent non-event"—the shooting down by a Soviet fighter of Korean Air Lines Flight 007, referred to in not one of the three hundred resolutions offered by the General Assembly. The Soviet Union sailed through the 38th session like a cruise ship to Bermuda, though Foreign Minister Gromyko, clearly expecting heavy weather, declined at the last moment to embark.

This kind of behavior has come to be expected of the General Assembly, the debilitating boredom of which is relieved only by the scope it gives to, say, MacNelly, with his drawings of freaks wearing propeller-hats and sitting behind name-plates identifying them as the representatives of Bangthedish or Boreo-Boolaga. Nevertheless, as Eilan cautions, "As the endless debates in the seven main committees begin their repetitious routine on agenda items that have changed little in the last decade and a half, one becomes aware of something more menacing than boredom. One senses that what is under attack is the very essence of every political tradition that stems from the meeting of free men around the village well." In *The General Assembly: Can It Be Salvaged?* (Heritage Foundation, 214 Massachusetts Avenue, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002; $5.95), Eilan, former ambassador-at-large from Israel, reviews the multiple failures of this unsavory mob and suggests ways of bringing it to heel.

He begins by reminding us what the Assembly was intended, by the Dumbarton Oaks Conference meeting in San Francisco in 1944-45, to do, and not to do. Most importantly, it was never regarded as a vehicle for the resolution of international crises, that role having been reserved to the Security Council, to which the Assembly was entitled to recommend courses of action; rather, it was established as "a talking shop that would proclaim to the world the tenets of international equity and universal peace." Some measure of its failure is suggested by the fact that, of the approximately 135 armed conflicts that have erupted among member states since the signing of the UN Charter in 1945, many of them have been entirely disregarded by the General Assembly; *among* these are: Yemen *v.* Aden, 1957-59; Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, 1968; Biafran war, 1967-70; Indo-Pakistani war, 1971; Angolan civil war, 1975-76; Ethiopia *v.* Somalia, 1977-78; Vietnam *v.* Cambodia, 1978-79; China *v.* Vietnam, 1979; Iran *v.* Iraq, 1980; . . . The failure of the General Assembly is "a failure of political morality. Instead of functioning as that supernational body, it has become aggressively partisan."

Although the Soviet Union is not in entire agreement with the so-called nonaligned movement, it is almost always able to make good use of it, by commanding a majority to support what Eilan calls the "frozen" agenda—an example of which is the perennial anticolonial tub-thumping that continues despite the demise of colonialism—and the "absent" agenda, so vividly illustrated by the above-mentioned unrecognized bloodlettings. Thus, Eilan argues, the General Assembly, so far from constituting an instrument for international conciliation, has become an instrument for creating conflict where it would not otherwise occur.

AS A POLITICAL realist who believes that political behavior is as unsusceptible to modification as personal behavior, Eilan is not overly sanguine about the Assembly's potential for reform. The first necessity for the U.S. and its Western European allies, he thinks, is that they recognize unflinchingly that this body, in its present form, is a threat to democratic polities and values worldwide. The second is that the allies must, as the U.S. has done in this Administration, walk thunderously and carry a big mace, and perhaps a smaller purse. □

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cal, and journalistic worlds have a bite that would discredit a flea. Though Giuseppe Rotunno's cinematography is distinctive as always, neither Dante Ferretti's sets nor Maurizio Millenotti's costumes impress. Fellini still knows how to handle the camera—and in Ruggero Mastroianni he has a superb editor—but he doesn't know what to shoot with it, or what to do with himself. From a once-great filmmaker, this is sad, unutterably sad.

COAXING TUNES from the rims of drinking glasses is a desperate gag Fellini's film and Woody Allen's *Broadway Danny Rose* have in common; that and the agglomeration of outlandish physiognomies for bizarre effects. The one virtue Allen's new movie does possess is a lack of pretentiousness, though this, unfortunately, does not exhaust its lacks, prominent among which are credibility, continuity, and interest. This is yet another of those unlikely Allen tales in which the oily worm gets the bird. Danny Rose is a pathetic little comedian turned talent agent who spouts homely maxims and exudes the yogurt of human kindness; he handles such acts as a one-legged tap dancer and a blind xylophonist, not to mention birds that peck out "September Song" on the piano and a penguin skating across the stage in rabbi's garb (would that we could see these instead of what we do); but if a client does happen to make it big, he promptly leaves Danny for a more high-powered agent.

Currently, Danny's chief hope is Lou Canova, a large and oafish has-been of a singing nostalgia-peddler trying to stage a comeback at a benefit at the Waldorf. Lou feels he cannot make it unless his inamorata—Tina, the brassy, bleached-blonde widow of a murdered Mafioso—is there. But Tina is mad at Lou, who, besides being married, may be two-timing her with other women, and Danny is delegated to fetch her from New Jersey and bring her as his own date so as to fool Lou's wife. In the process, Danny gets involved with the Mafia, one of whose members is an ex-lover of Tina's and wants her back. Pronto, his two mean-looking brothers are after the fleeing Tina and Danny: to retrieve her and kill him. Through some comic-nasty misadventures, Tina learns to like Danny and his philosophical morsels culled from the wisdom of various relatives.

All turns out well, yet Tina talks Lou into signing up with a fancier agent and Danny is crushed. However, after unsatisfactory affairs with Lou and another fellow, Tina is drawn back to Danny, who is just giving a sweet Thanksgiving party for his various pitiful artists. The brash, shopworn beauty and the absurd but warmhearted nonentity—who also gets "the supreme honor Broadway can bestow," a sandwich named for him at the Carnegie Delicatessen—end up together.

The problem is character. It is hard to believe that the weaseling, hypochondriacal Danny—whose humor consists of telling a dim 81-year-old crone, "You don't look a day over eighty," and the husband of a woman unrousable from a hypnotic trance, "If your wife never wakes up, I'll send you to a Chinese restaurant of your choice"—is also a dear thing who practices his "totally dead" Uncle Sidney's credo of "love, forgiveness, and acceptance of life." Virtue here is yet again a slippery compound of self-importance and self-abnegation, earnest clichés and acidulous wisecracks, improbable generosity and persuasive pettiness. Typically smarmy is the scene where, in an updated version of Swinburne's "Les Noyades," the mobsters tie Danny and Tina (Mia Farrow, and good) together, front to front, and leave them on a tabletop with him on top of her. They wiggle out ("That's good wiggling . . . nice wiggling!") in one of the slimier sex scenes within memory. It may be possible to wiggle out of ropes; but can one, as Woody keeps trying to, worm one's way into art? □

THE GIMLET EYE

ARMADA INTERNATIONAL

D. Keith Mano

YOU MIGHT call it the *Gentleman's Quarterly* of bloodshed. *Armada International* is four-color lush as a mescaline jag. Sleek, glib, upscale advertising on just about every other page: instead of Campari or Chivas, 30-mm. cannon; rather than Ralph Lauren wraparounds, an anti-tank weapon. For the man who has everything and would like to blow it all up. *Armada* is pub-

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lished out of Zurich in English, French, and German editions: $10 per bimonthly issue. I don't know why, but we've been receiving it free at our cement plant since 1981. Now and then my elegant pipe-joint compound will be requisitioned for a B-52 or the Columbia space shuttle, but as warmongers go, I'm hardly Alfred Krupp—X-Pando Corp. is more fit to attack loose bathroom tile. Still, I wouldn't do without *Armada*. It seems like some special fallout, some angel hair, precipitated from the thick, colloidal left-wing stereotype of militarism. *Armada* is so perfect a liberal bogey, even Feiffer couldn't satirize it.

Scope this battleship grey flannel ad copy. For a rocket launcher: "Plaster the target with thousands of specific mission submunitions—grenades and shaped charges. . . . MLRS can launch a tidal wave of defensive fire." Or this for the AT-4 expendable anti-tank weapon: "In addition to armor penetration you will have beyond-armor effects such as pressure rise, blinding light, and incendiary effect. This means a total kill of the vehicle and its crew." Nice soft-sell touch there. Or, for a portable, turreted foxhole: SO THE CREW MAY HOSE OFF WITHOUT TAKING ALL THE LEAD. You can buy field kitchens and barbed wire through *Armada*. Anything from camouflage and smokescreen powder to a full anti-missile escort ship. The photographs are awesome: an Arc de Triomphe-sized bridge-layer that could draw Leviathan up by its hook or scare him back to *Job*. Most all are named for some animal. Perhaps we'll have disarmament by default when they've gone right through the bestiary. After a British Dormouse Tank or a USAF Frog Fighter, say.

The terrain here is European. War matériel in an average issue will be about 27 per cent German, 12 per cent French, 9 per cent Swiss, 8 per cent British. America passes only 15 per cent of the ammunition. Israel has an aggressive 5 per cent. There are, naturally, no reader-response cards for the SS-20. *Armada* is anti-Communist: both in spirit and because, I guess, publisher Carl Hollinger doesn't anticipate Soviet free-market arms sales. I did wonder just who the customer is meant to be. In a Sidewinder Missile ad it says, "For more information, please write on your letterhead to Raytheon Co. . . ." On what letterhead? F. A. O. Schwarz? Neiman-Marcus? Or Qaddafi Enterprises, un-Ltd.?

Hollinger, who did time at an American news agency and a Zurich paper, went on the warpath with *Armada* in 1977. It is, with that ad revenue, doing megaton business, I guess. There are excellent, well-documented (though somewhat technical) articles. On an Israeli Merkava tank *v.* the T-72 Soviet tank in Lebanon. On air defense against air power during that Falkland skirmish. On the U.S. OPFOR program, which has built a replica Soviet ground force (1,200 men in Fort Irwin, California) so that American units can practice strategy. Up front, though, Hollinger will tend to write as if his brain were at parade rest. (He might say, "United States are," or "ingratiating," when he meant "ungrateful," task.) Thrice translated, his editorial position is about as hard to get at as the start of a Scotch-tape roll when you have no fingernail left. Certain ambivalences inhere by nature. Hollinger, who isn't your forthright Andrew Undershaft type, has to deplore war a whole lot. About as often as the sanitation department has to deplore garbage.

Deplore nuclear conflict in particular. After all (the horror of melted human crayons quite aside), camouflage paint and M-30 ammunition are obsolete as Polaroid fixative when an SS-20 is blamming down. America will be scolded often in *Armada*: we're soft, short of vision, and very materialistic—we consider nuclear ordnance to be cost-effective. During 1983, when the U.S. economy seemed hit in a tread, Hollinger was especially anxious. Reagan might sell Europe out. America was "in search of new and less-involved relations which suit her broad-scale export economy rather than the finely meshed economic policies pursued by the Europeans." He was afraid there would be some new U.S.-USSR trade involvement because we were "a society whose notions of liberty rest, in the main, on material things." Unemployment, stagnation, high interest: Hollinger, by implication, was suggesting broad statist social-welfare remedies. "The one thing all people are prepared to defend is a healthy nation."

That simplistic formulation—ritual as salutes are—can be, nevertheless, instructive. In his next issue Hollinger afforded me this marvelously similar philosophical contract for a relationship between socialism and high-explosive manufacture: "The recurring socialist rationale has been: We must have something worthwhile to defend in the first place." You grasp, no? These baby-on-bayonet cartoon warmongers in *Armada* are *socialist*, not capitalist at all. That isn't such a big-deal paradox, of course. The phrase "military-industrial complex" implies broad, never-weaned dependence by competitive war business on state planning. One editorial slogan is continuous throughout *Armada*—an insistence on inter-European governmental coordination. R&D has become too expensive. Competition is hell. A shame that bomb doesn't rhyme with womb and tomb: Europeans should have even their warfare doled out by socialism.

Private industry, in the battle zone, is never private enough. This can have both ideological and pragmatic consequences. If Marshal Ustinov wanted to test-drive the new American M-1 tank he could write on some client-state letterhead, and salesmen from General Dynamics would arrive with a sample. Moreover, purchase and deployment are public: they represent a corporate testimonial letter, after all. Ustinov could read in *Armada* advertising that, oh, FIRST 17 GTE MOBILE JAMMERS DELIVERED TO U.S. ARMY. It is yet another reason for nuclear defense. In conventional warfare, on our side at least, there are no secret weapons left. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Stengel, by Robert W. Creamer (Simon & Schuster, 349 pp., $16.95)

CASEY STENGEL was not born old, mugging for cameras and marching around after old-timers' dinners crying "Metsies! Metsies! Metsies!" He played the game, and at his peak he played it in the outfield for John McGraw's New York Giants. From McGraw he learned the imprecise science of managing a baseball team. In 1949 he became manager of the Yankees, and in 12 seasons he piloted them to ten pennants. He told a friend: "I never had so many good players. . . . I'm with a lot of real pros. When I think of some of those other teams I had, I was wondering whether I was managing a baseball team or a golf course. You know what I mean—one pro to a club." Casey was talented, but he

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was also funny, and a lot of people overlooked the talent for the humor, choosing to believe that given such a team as the Yankees, anybody could have compiled Casey's record. Mr. Creamer takes pains to describe the genius of Casey's managing; but he doesn't forget the humor, either. "Being with a woman all night never hurt no professional baseball player," Casey advised. "It's staying up all night looking for a woman that does him in." More advice: "Good pitching will always stop good hitting, and vice versa." And for real connoisseurs, here's a sample of thickest Stengelese (the subject is Roberto Clemente): "Now he's an outstanding player, he can do everything and it's like Kaline did and I studied outfielding so much I can't understand how a man where I can play the best or in center field why a man what's right-handed shouldn't be in left field because a left-handed man in left field and he's out of position so half the time himself, yessir?" Not even Creamer can figure this one out.

JOE MYSAK

The War over the Family, by Brigitte Berger and Peter Berger (Doubleday, 252 pp., $14.95)

THIS BOOK is subtitled, "Capturing the Middle Ground." The authors feel that the discussion of the American family has been ideologized. They seek to "build bridges." A sample of their reasoning: Few abortion advocates feel it is permissible to terminate a fetus 15 minutes prior to birth. So, also, few pro-life advocates equate a newborn baby with a sixty-cell blastocyst. Therefore a compromise solution can be reached: Abortions should only be permitted in the first six weeks to three months of pregnancy. This is a terribly illogical proposal. Either conception brings life—in which case the Bergers are advocating legalized homicide—or it doesn't—in which case, why shouldn't abortion be allowed after the first trimester? But polemical consistency is not what the authors seek. They are after a moral consensus, a locus of ethical agreement without which they do not think America can remain a unified nation. The question is whether it is possible to defend the traditional family—the authors' stated objective—while arbitrarily seeking midpoints on the moral spectrum.

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REMEMBERING JFK IN THE CAMPAIGN

NEW YORK, MARCH 19

THERE WAS a nice political story in the *New York Times* the other day, the import of which is that Gary Hart is making a considerable effort to depict himself as today's John F. Kennedy, and that the average voter who reaches out for him has no idea why he/she is doing so. The writer, David Shribman, reports on one woman who said she was going to vote for Gary Hart.

"Why?"

"Because of his new ideas."

"Like what?"

"That's an unfair question."

But pressed, the woman rebounded. "He wants to talk to the Russians."

Arnold Beichman, currently at the Hoover Institution, recently reminded his Canadian readers of the difference between JFK and all those contenders for the office he held who would like to be mistaken for him. Professor Beichman cited, as an example, the speech John Kennedy delivered in Berlin in June of 1963.

Here was the scene in front of the Schoeneberger Rathaus. On JFK's left, Konrad Adenauer, the granitic anti-totalitarian who had gone to jail rather than cooperate with Hitler and would have unhesitatingly paid the Communists the same courtesy. On his right was the then-mayor of Berlin, Willy Brandt, famous in 1963 as the socialist anti-Communist stalwart, the symbol of West Berlin's fierce determination to stay free.

JFK used an anaphoric refrain, namely: "Let them come to Berlin." As in:

"There are some who say that Communism is the wave of the future. Let them come to Berlin."

Again: "And there are some who say in Europe and elsewhere: We can work with the Communists. Let them come to Berlin."

And one more time: "And there are even a few who say that it is true that Communism is an evil system, but it permits us to make economic progress. Let them come to Berlin."

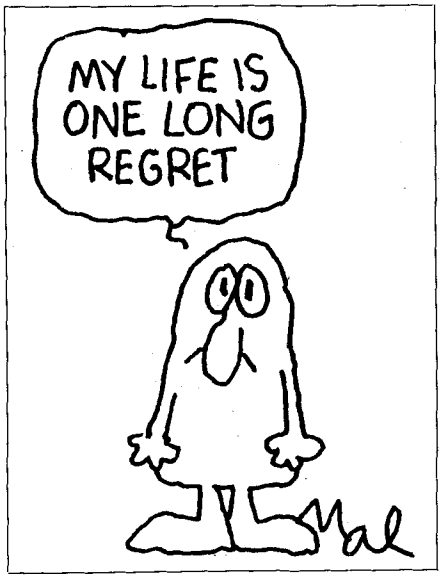
Oh, that was quite a speech. "Freedom has many difficulties and democracy is not perfect, but we have never had to put a wall up to keep our people in—to prevent them from leaving us."

And get this: "Real, lasting peace in Europe can never be assured as long as one German out of four is denied the elementary right of free men; and that is to make a free choice."

The point of this historical nostalgia is not a happy one. Adenauer is dead. His spirit primarily lives on in Franz Josef Strauss, who gets defeated every time he runs for office in Germany. Willy Brandt has become the principal fellow-traveler in the world. As chairman of the Social Democratic Party he has led that organization into disrepute. From what he writes one ruefully concludes that he would now be as happy living in East Berlin as in West Berlin.

The spirit of John F. Kennedy also survives. In Ronald Reagan—who on his visit to Berlin in June 1982 said that "our commitment to Berlin is a lasting one," who recalled Kennedy's "stirring words when he visited Berlin" and added that "we in America and in the West are still Berliners, too, and always will be."

All the candidates who have sought the Democratic presidential nomination in 1984 on the one hand venerate Kennedy, on the other would never associate themselves with such rhetoric as he used speaking before the Berlin Wall. Imagine Walter Mondale referring to the "evil system" with which we have to deal. He has been assailing President Reagan for using rhetoric that when used by President Kennedy was widely applauded. "There are some who say in Europe and elsewhere: We can work with the Communists. Let them come to Berlin." I swear, if Reagan were to make the identical statement, the boys who run Americans for Democratic Action and the Democratic Party would come out for impeaching him.



The Southern lady who likes Gary Hart because he would "talk to the Russians" is the incarnation of the rationalist superstition that "talking" to someone introduces that someone to reason. Talking to the Russians is not an experience in Socratic dialogue. It is much more like a Byzantine bargaining session: You do this, and I will do that. Reagan is well disposed to talk to the Russians in that way. He does not believe, any more than Kennedy did, that you can do business with the Russians in any normal way.

We were talking about the changes since 1963, in that scene in Berlin. What has not changed is the Berlin Wall. Except that, since 1963, it has been heavily reinforced. More barbed wire, more explosives, more spikes, and man-eating dogs to sniff out anyone seeking freedom in the West. □

HUSSEIN'S ACID TRUTHS

NEW YORK, MARCH 23

THE FIRST impulse, on reading the words of King Hussein, was in this case to hit him hard. People don't get away with speaking thataway to the U.S.A., and while we're at it, what about Hussein's own record? What did he ever do for the West Bank Palestinians back when he, so to speak, owned them?

Perhaps it was not only the thought they conveyed, but the remarkable simplicity of the language, in an age of diplomatic euphuism, that carries Hussein's words into the bowels of the mind. Because what he charges is very difficult to answer.

"We see things this way: Israel is on our land. It is there by virtue of American military assistance and economic aid that translates into aid for Israeli settlements."

True or false? Quite simply, it is—true.

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That Mr. Begin, in a vision of Biblical irredentism, should have launched the movement to annex what he calls Judaea-Samaria simply does not vitiate the question: Is the West Bank Israel's? Hussein says it is "our"—the Jordanians'—land. So does Resolution 242. So, with this, that, and the other qualification, do the Camp David Accords.

Second question: Is it, or is it not, true that but for the United States Israel would not be able to pursue its colonization of the West Bank? The answer is once again straightforward. No, Israel could not. Indeed, Israel would not exist save for the United States. A nonexistent power is not an imperialist threat. Hussein is, quite simply, correct here.

"This being the case, there is no way by which anyone should imagine it would be possible for Arabs to sit and talk with Israel as long as things are as they are."

This statement is, of course, relative. We might have made it, say, in respect of the Russians and Eastern Europe: that we would not sit down and talk with the Soviet Union as long as it held on to a slave empire. The difference here is that the Soviet Union has a nuclear capability and Israel has not, and our resentment is over land unlawfully taken from other peoples. Hussein's resentment is over land unlawfully taken from his own country. Sure, he could get used to it, even as West Germany has got used to East Germany's now permanent annexation into the Soviet bloc. But we can hardly score Hussein for resenting it, and for announcing that he is not going to cooperate with Israel under existing circumstances.

And then the killer: "I am very concerned about the United States and its double standard everywhere. The saddest point for me is that I've always believed values and courageous principles were an area that we shared. I now realize that principles mean nothing to the United States. Short-term issues, especially in election years, prevail."

There is a lot of rodomontade in that passage. King Hussein finds it too easy to confuse himself with Moses. But there is also truth there. It is not true that the United States "everywhere" engages in double standards. But it is true that where the West Bank is concerned, no American Administration, and certainly no American running for President, has said to Israel, Look: you cannot at one and the same time be an ally of the United States and pursue a policy that undermines the integrity of your own position, makes our alliance with you marginally embarrassing, and incidentally shatters any attempt at comprehensive diplomacy in the area.

It is unlikely to happen, unhappily for just the reasons cited by King Hussein, but the United States should cut it out. We are giving the Israelis $2.5 billion in military aid and another $250 million in incidental aid. And the price should be made clear: Get out of the West Bank.

And in return?

Israel is the one reliable friend we have in the Mideast, a nation of heroic determination, whose license to survive as a nation-state should be recognized as an international obligation. The United States should unequivocally guarantee the survival and the sovereignty of the state of Israel, once and for all, by congressional action more formal than anything undertaken so far. We should recognize the de facto integration of Jerusalem, and go ahead and move our embassy to Jerusalem. But Israel should clear out of the West Bank, for God's sake, and for Israel's. □

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT OF YELLOW PEOPLE?

NEW YORK, MARCH 26

SOME YEARS AGO, participating in a symposium, Professor Arthur Schlesinger Jr. suggested that a lack of concern for Southeast Asian freedom (in those days he supported our venture in Vietnam) betrays truly the innate racism of many Americans. There is no reason to suppose, he said, that Communism is obnoxious only to white people. It is true that yellow people, particularly if ruled by Communists, acquire a strange immunity to Western criticism. Oh, you can find those who cry out, but the fact of it is that they are very lonely. Shortly before he died, General Franco executed five terrorists, each one of them guilty of murder, and only after a deliberate trial at which they were represented by counsel. You'd have thought masked men had formed a posse to execute Princess Di, John-John, and Little Orphan Annie. Even the Pope got into the act, and Mexico's ambassador to the UN suggested that for so heinous a crime, Spain should be thrown out of the UN.

Consider the difference now where Red China is concerned. Hugh Davies, the Peking correspondent of London's *Daily Telegraph*, advises us that since August, not five people have been executed in China, but "more than five thousand." The means of effecting these executions are not without interest. For instance, two weeks ago a dozen defendants accused of rape, murder, and theft were made to parade in Peking's stadium, where they underwent summary trial. The crowd, presumably well trained by routine practices during the Cultural Revolution, hissed as each defendant was held by two security officers "and pushed forward with a placard around his neck detailing his offenses." The judges too were well trained: Guilty, and condemned.

If there is an appeals process in China it is presumably conducted by ambulatory appeals courts and deliberated between the stadium where the defendants were found guilty and the field outside the city to which they were thereupon driven to be shot. Mr. Davies did not witness the execution, but he lingered over the photographs of it that were posted on public notice boards.

"One showed a line of men on their knees facing away from their executioners, a group of burly-looking security guards. Each guard held a pistol to the back of his victim's neck. At intervals behind the execution party, soldiers stood with legs apart and rifles raised, as if to offer cover in case of trouble. The next picture showed the executioners standing to attention before 12 corpses."

Now, strictly speaking, what goes on inside China is an internal affair. But so is it an internal affair what goes on (or, if you prefer, went on) inside Spain. Or Costa Rica. You will say, Ah, but in Costa Rica we are heavily involved. To which the appropriate answer is, Yes: we are heavily involved in trying to prevent the kind of callousness toward human life that is characteristic of every Communist regime. The Communists do not monopolize crime; indeed the title for free-enterprise crime appears to be as sedentarily American as the America's Cup was for so many years.

And here you begin, I think, to get an idea of the Communist perspective. What does it matter, in terms of human costs, if there were indeed five thousand instances of rape and murder and theft in China in the recent period? An estimated 16 million people died in three years of starvation after Mao Tse-tung announced in 1958 his Great Leap Forward. So what? Cambodia's Pol Pot slaughtered something on the order of 20 to 25 per cent of the population: so why would they worry, in Cambodia any more than in China, if Joe shot Jim?

You see, the Communists wish to nationalize crime. Moreover, they do this without compensation. That is, when the state executes a Chinese or a Russian, there is no compensation experienced by the rest of the population. It hardly adds to the sense of security of the Russian citizen when the population of Gulag rises. And one doubts that the average Chinese feels compensated when he beholds a spectacle of what is, really, mass killing by the state.

It is very perplexing, this lack of energetic humanitarian protest over the habits of the Chinese. The combination of being yellow-skinned and being protected by Marxist theological cover permits savagery; clothe it in acceptable robes, and the executioners get invited to Western banquets, and the subject just never comes up. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[THE PLAIN] TRUTH:

Role of Politics in Famine

As punishment for Ukrainian resistance to farm collectivization the Stalinist regime expropriated much of the Ukraine's grain. The resulting manmade food shortage caused between five and seven million deaths according to the best estimates.

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ARMSTRONG
(Continued from page 33)

broadcasting has its limitations—candidates must make sure their commercials are broad enough to appeal to everyone. But cable television was made for coalition politics. Cable programs splinter audiences into special-interest groups by design: Black Entertainment Television; National Jewish Television; Music Television (video rock and roll); Spanish television; television for women; and so on. A liberal candidate contemplating this programming mix must feel like a kid in a candy store. Florescu can almost be heard smacking his lips when he says, "All these programs have very interesting applications in a campaign where you're trying to assemble a coalition. You can pick up the Jewish vote, the black vote, the Portuguese vote . . . whatever you need to win."

Of course, two can play at this game. And Belford, for one, is quick to point out that conservatives also have their opportunities in programs such as Financial News Network and the Christian Broadcasting Network. But Christians and businessmen are not as uniformly Republican as blacks, for example, are Democratic. And the Republican Party (perhaps to its detriment) has traditionally depended more on ideology to win votes than on alliances.

Does all this mean the Democrats will master the new technology and crush the GOP in 1984? Probably not. In fact, neither side is poised for a breakthrough in time for this election. Eddie Mahe sums up the use of cable in 1984 best when he says, "It will be disorganized, sporadic, and confused. It will take an election year when enough people 'screw around' with it before people will take it seriously. Then there will be a two-year germination period, and cable will be ready to make a real impact in 1986."

But neither side can afford to sit back and wait. Democratic leaders rue the day they let Republicans and conservatives take the lead on direct mail. Now they are furiously trying to catch up. Eddie Mahe is right when he says both sides need to "screw around" with it a little more. But for conservatives, anyway, it may be a case of screw . . . or be screwed. □

LEJEUNE
(Continued from page 26)

than against attacks from the Right; which is perhaps understandable, since the smallest spending cut provokes an immediate clamor of pain and protest, not only from her political opponents but from any Conservatives who happen to be affected. Each of her cabinet colleagues "fights his corner," trying to get more money for his own department. The government's attempt to limit the extravagance of municipal authorities met just as fierce opposition from Conservative as from Socialist councilors. And the media inevitably present every economy measure as callous indifference to the needs of the underprivileged.

The unions representing public employees, along with innumerable organizations representing special-interest groups, command, in total, a formidable number of votes: and they campaign, in the press and in the streets, against any hint of cuts. Politicians, anyway, are natural spenders of other people's money, believing—alas, quite truly—that they will gain more personal credit from spending than from saving. If the electorate as a whole showed more interest in tax cuts, the politicians would, no doubt, respond: but, although people grumble about the tax burden in general, they constantly say, when asked in public-opinion polls, that they would be quite willing to pay a little more tax for this or that good cause, like feckless housewives who spend a little here and a little there without ever considering what the total will do to the week's budget.

"It's not a question of whether we can afford to spend the money but of whether we can afford not to" is the kind of idiotic cliché still heard from the indefatigable advocates of public spending. They pursue an ever-receding illusion that just a bit more money will solve, or at least stabilize, all problems. The government, weary from fighting off the spendthrifts, answers its right-wing critics by saying that no more cuts, no cuts in the total, are politically possible. While the government continues to fund a great range of absurdities, from pseudo-cultural rubbish to a Minister of the Crown officially designated as being "responsible for the Coordination of Children's Play," skepticism on that score will remain amply justified: but it is true that such fringe extravagances do not touch the heart of the matter.

The Political Coin

In Britain, as in America, the real issue is very simple; simple to state but not to solve. If individuals are ever again to have the freedom to spend most of their own money, indeed if the burden of collective welfare is not to crush all initiative and enterprise until it collapses beneath its own weight, governments must find a way to reduce, instead of continually increasing, their own activities: but this would mean a substantial change in the normal coin of electioneering. Socialists, Social Democrats, Liberals, and "wet" Conservatives are all, often with shocking irresponsibility, still demanding more and yet more public expenditure. If the Thatcher and Reagan governments give up the fight, what government in the foreseeable future will resume it? One of Mrs. Thatcher's close colleagues, John Biffen, who would formerly have been considered a right-winger on economic questions and who is responsible for government publicity, said the other day that tax-cutting was "not a moral crusade." But it is. □

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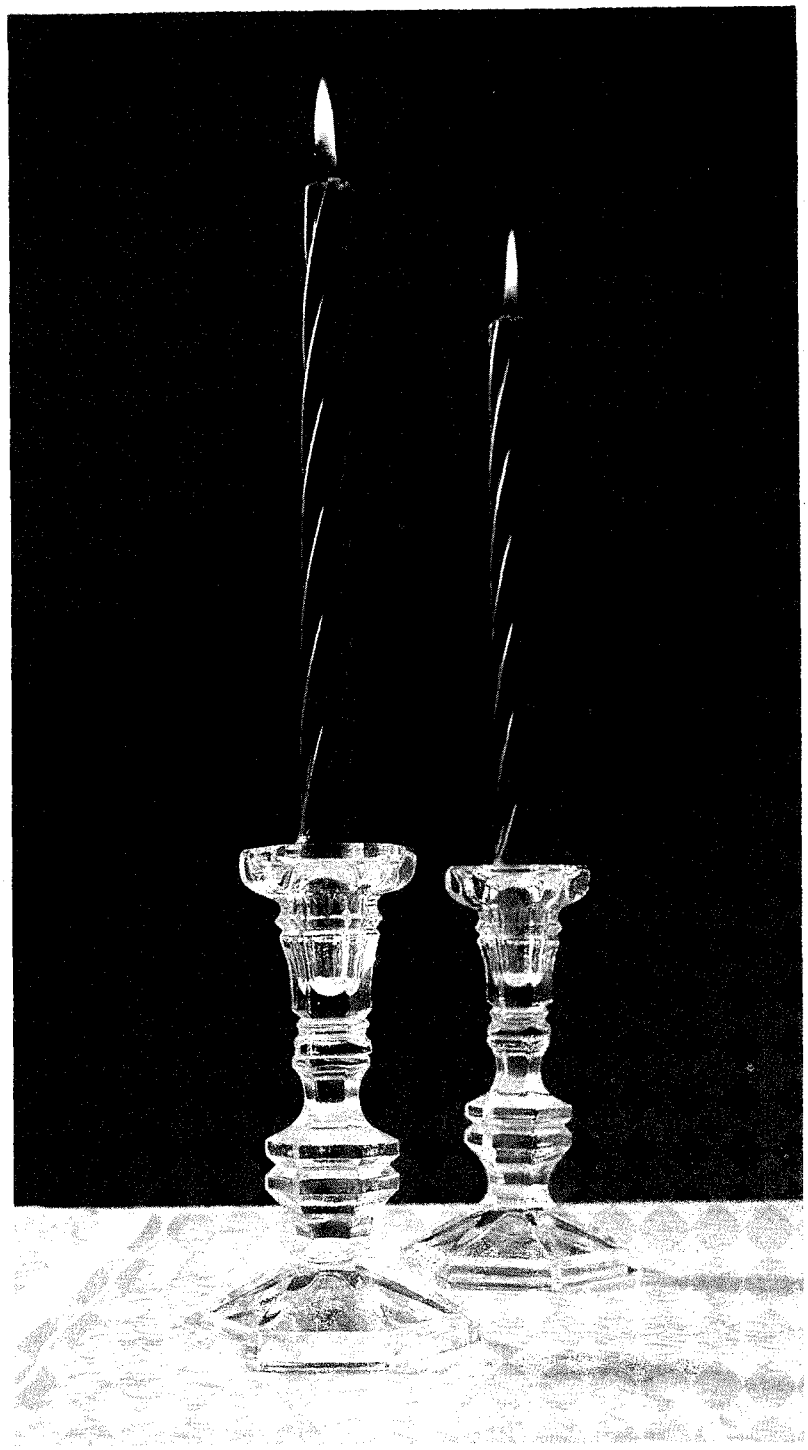

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TRANS-O-GRAM / SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. An item worn by bookkeepers — 25 168 49 142 42 54 119 145

B. Eats — 89 115 148 143 170

C. A disease of the eye — 128 7 87 58 137 106 114 111

D. A part of speech — 138 149 90 43 16 8 160 112 28

E. A famous French cathedral — 18 71 50 147 125 59

F. Indian missiles — 30 55 81 10 131 22

G. Similar to a shade — 70 75 102 92 60 139 123 99 82

H. Relating to the pendent fleshy lobe at the back edge of the soft palate — 103 162 11 124 23 64

I. To accomplish — 33 29 53 61 5 26

J. Dark — 116 76 133 159 79

K. FAT FATE (anagram) — 122 126 3 146 14 77 154

L. A town in Boone County, Iowa — 157 91 83 105 97 13 51

M. Athletics that suggest pastimes in India (2 words) — 165 78 109 130 136 31 150 62 65 9 72 85

N. Additional — 63 17 24 93 110 80 129

O. Units named for a German physicist (1787-1854) — 4 27 35 48

P. The language spoken by more people than any other — 153 144 134 44 95 15 152

Q. Foreign — 39 108 19 45 88

R. A volcanic mountain in California — 94 6 32 52 161 127

S. Topics — 41 151 34 66 158 73

T. An Indian monkey — 47 67 167 36 21 100

U. An affront — 57 135 96 68 37 104 118

V. What Don Larsen was in a 1956 World Series game — 107 121 164 69 74

W. A restaurant worker — 12 120 117 1 20 56

X. A poison gas named for an American chemist (d. 1943) — 98 38 140 2 166 84 156 169

Y. A weariness of one of the sense organs — 113 101 163 132 86 40 46 141 155

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 62 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 W	2 X	3 K	4 O	5 I	6 R	7 C		8 D	9 M	10 F	11 H	12 W	13 L	14 K	15 P		16 D
17 N	18 E	19 Q	20 W	21 T	22 F		23 H	24 N	25 A		26 I	27 O	28 D		29 I	30 F	31 M	
32 R	33 I	34 S	35 O	36 T		37 U	38 X	39 Q	40 Y		41 S	42 A	43 D		44 P	45 Q	46 Y	47 T
	48 O	49 A	50 E	51 L	52 R		53 I	54 A	55 F		56 W	57 U	58 C		59 E	60 G	61 I	62 M
	63 N	64 H	65 M	66 S		67 T	68 U	69 V	70 G	71 E	72 M	73 S		74 V	75 G	76 J	77 K	
78 M	79 J	80 N	81 F		82 G	83 L	84 X	85 M	86 Y		87 C	88 Q	89 B		90 D	91 L	92 G	93 N
94 R	95 P		96 U	97 L	98 X	99 G	100T		101Y	102G	103H		104U	105L	106C	107V	108Q	109M
	110N	111C	112D	113Y		114C	115B	116J	117W	118U	119A		120W	121V	122K	123G	124H	
125E	126K	127R		128C	129N	130M	131F	132Y		133J	134P	135U	136M	137C	138D	139G	140X	141Y
142A	143B		144P	145A		146K	147E	148B	149D	150M		151S	152P		153P	154K	155Y	156X
	157L	158S	159J	160D	161R	162H	163Y		164V	165M	166X		167T	168A	169X	170B		

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